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VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR CONCLUDING PICTURES.

We terminate our series of pictures of the tour of the Prince of Wales through the United States this week. The reader will find on page 692 The Group of the Prince and his Suite from Brady's photograph; on pages 696 and 697 a fine picture of The Prince's Embarkation on Board the "Hero," in the Bay of Portland; on page 700 a picture of The City of Portland; and on this page a view of The Royal Squadron passing Fort Preble on their homeward voyage.

The Prince reached Portland in the afternoon of Saturday, 20th. It was a fine day, but cold; and the movement of the Prince's party being retarded by the procession, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Hurry!—I'm cold!" After a brief interchange of compliments with the local authorities he hastened to the wharf, shook hands with a few of the officials who had accompanied him, and jumped into the *Hero's* barge. The *Herald* correspondent describes the scene which ensued:

"As the royal barge left the wharf the British squadron all fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and similar salutes were fired from the city and from Fort Preble.

"The harbor was full of steamers, sail-boats, barges, etc., which accompanied the royal barge from the wharf, the latter being surrounded by boats from the royal squadron filled with British officers. There was a fresh easterly breeze blowing, and the water in the harbor was quite rough, so that the boats rowed quite slowly. As the flotilla neared the royal squadron the yards were manned, and this, with the strings of bunting and flags flying from every point of the fleet, formed a magnificent spectacle, which was witnessed by an immense concourse of people, assembled on Mount Joy, the various piers, and every accessible place of observation.

"As the royal party passed the various vessels of the squadron the Prince was received with repeated cheers: and when he reached the *Hero*, at ten minutes before four, the royal standard was run up to the 'main,' and another salute fired by all the fleet."

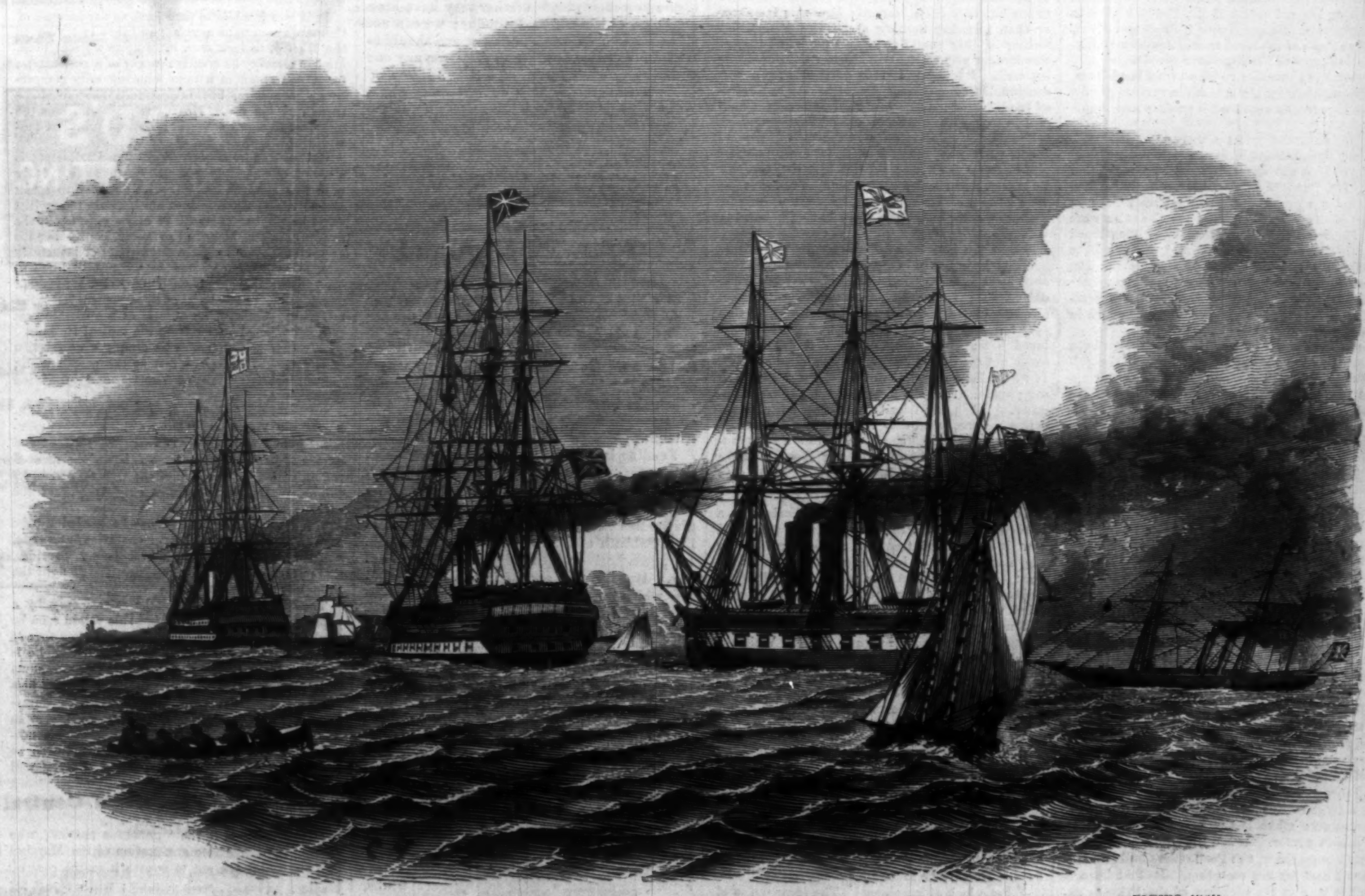
This is the moment which our artist has selected as the subject of his large picture. The squadron sailed at 4 P.M. The *Hero* led, and was followed by the *Nile*, the *Ariadne*, the *Flying Fish*, and the *Styx*. The bands on board each vessel played "Yankee Doodle," and Fort Preble saluted the party with farewell guns as they passed. On shore thousands of Americans cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, and not a few fair eyes grew dim as they wished the young Prince good-by, and a fair voyage home!

THE PRINCE OF WALES' NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the scene:

"The departure was a finer sight than even the arrival three months ago in the Bay of Halifax. Along the rough shore of Cape Elizabeth groups of farewell gazers were clustered, waving such parting salutations as they could give. To these, even the least of them, the ships responded by the dipping of their colors. As they passed through the narrow channel, plunging and tossing until the waves swept into the lower ports—for the swell was very heavy—the sun, just drooping behind the hills, seemed to throw out over the water its own refulgent beam of farewell, which turned the wet, black hulls into shining gold as it fell upon them. Upon the outermost ledge, beyond the light-house, there were standing two spectators, who sent through the twilight the last silent testimonials of adieu. Then the ships receded dimly, losing form at last in the hastening dusk, until only three motionless dots were seen on the horizon. And this was the ending of the visit of the Prince of Wales."

Our Group of the Prince and Suite at Brady's Gallery explains itself. The Iron Duke of Newcastle, whose courage and firmness were so finely developed in his discussion with the Orangemen of Canada, stands rather behind the Prince. He was the leader of the party. His opinion prevailed in all cases of doubt—he stood in the room of the sovereign. Nor is there any question of his fitness for so responsible a post. A man of liberal instincts, cultivated intellect, great tact, and indomitable will, he has piloted the Prince safely through a very trying ordeal, without making a mistake or an enemy. The Duke, as his portrait shows, is a tall, stout man, with large, rugged features, and a heavy red beard, sprinkled with gray. The Earl of St. Germans, who is Lord High Steward of the Royal Household, is a gentlemanly-looking man, with gray hair, dandified appearance, and agreeable manners. He was not at all prominent in the tour. General Bruce is the Prince's governor: his functions on the tour through this country seem to have been chiefly confined to disbursing moneys and writing letters which were not important enough for the Duke to sign. He is the brother of the Earl of Elgin, and owes to him his present position and his rank as General in the army, which he has won without ever having seen service. Lord Lyons is the British Embassador at Washington; a very popular man, who seems to have been as successful in his diplomatic career as his predecessor, Lord Napier. The other members of the suite were Major Teasdale—one of the Kars heroes—and Captain Grey, equerries; Dr. Ackland, the Prince's medical attendant at Oxford; Mr. Jenner, attaché to Lord Lyons; and Mr. Warre, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.



HERO. NILE. ARIADNE. FLYING FISH.

THE LAST OF THE PRINCE—THE ROYAL SQUADRON STEAMING OUT OF PORTLAND HARBOR.

THE PRINCE AT BRADY'S GALLERY.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival in New York Mr. Brady was notified of the desire of the royal party to pay a visit to his establishment. The fame of his historical collection of portraits had reached them through various sources, and it was to this, doubtless, that he was indebted for such an honor. In response to the request of the Prince Mr. Brady called upon the suite, had an interview with his Highness and the Duke of Newcastle, and made an appointment for the visit on the following day. It was understood that the visit was to be entirely private; consequently the doors of the establishment were shut, and no one admitted after the entrance of the royal party.

Englishmen of rank, as well as many of the middle-class, are largely interested in the process of photography. The Prince quite astonished Mr. Brady's veteran operators by evincing an intelligent familiarity with all the details of the process. The royal criticisms upon the subject of back-grounds, poses, and grouping quite startled those skilled and experienced practitioners. The princely theories on these and kindred subjects may have been unsound, but they were pungently expressed, and indicated familiarity with the art. Nearly twenty pictures were taken in all; among them two groups of the entire suite, one single figure of the Prince, one of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and one of Earl St. Germans. Smaller pictures were taken of His Highness and younger members of the suite, for visiting-cards and stereoscopes.

The visit altogether lasted nearly three hours, a portion of the time having been occupied in the inspection of the collection which adorns the gallery. It was remarked that most of the suite evinced familiarity with the names of those eminent in American literature, while the portraits of our distinguished statesmen were comparatively unknown. Washington Irving, Bryant, and Prescott attracted far more attention than Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Dr. Kane's picture also came in for a large share of the royal attention and interest.

Among Mr. Brady's rarest and oldest portraits is an admirable one of Lord Brougham, the bluff ex-Chancellor, who recently distinguished himself by his rudeness to Mr. Dallas; who has, in fact, been distinguishing himself for divers rudenesses and many grand heroic utterances for a generation or two. The grand, rugged, knotty head, the aggressive nose, and the general aspect of fight which distinguish the tough old Lord Chancellor are admirably given, and the picture won from the Prince an enthusiastic expression of surprise and delight.

Probably none among the American experiences of the suite will be remembered with more pleasure than the few hours spent in Mr. Brady's collection. All those who have distinguished themselves in art, science, literature, statesmanship, or jurisprudence are duly represented in this Valhalla; and in no other way could the noble visitors have been brought face to face, as it were, with those, now dead, who have so nobly adorned our history.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Prince and the Duke of Newcastle evinced their interest in American politics and politicians by ordering several copies of Mr. Brady's pictures of the present Senate and House of Representatives, as well as those of the rival candidates now soliciting the suffrages of the American people.

Of course, as becomes royal and noble visitors, these commissions for pictures of the various groups and single portraits taken were profuse and munificent.

MEETING WITH A VETERAN.

Among the pleasant incidents which transpired during the visit was one which will bear narration. Among Mr. Brady's employés is an aged Englishman who was present at Buckingham Palace on the day of the Prince's birth. As the suite were about leaving the gallery Mr. Brady mentioned this circumstance to the Duke and requested the privilege of presenting him to his Highness. The Prince very gracefully acquiesced, and the venerable old man thus enjoyed an opportunity of meeting face to face the son of his sovereign, which in England would have been denied him.

One of the results of the princely visit has been the crowding to an unpleasant extent of the gallery ever since. The interest felt in the heir-apparent and the retinue seem in no way to have abated since the royal departure. Mr. Brady is to be congratulated upon having secured so graceful and durable a memorial of an event which will pass into history as among the most notable of royal journeyings.

THE PRINCE'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The picture of THE PRINCE'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG was sketched by our artist in the streets of Portland. The animal was being dragged through the streets by two of the *Hero's* ship-boys, and looked handsome indeed. He was almost as great an object of attraction as his master.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

The very striking VIEW OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, will remind our readers of the last hurried scenes of the Prince's visit to the United States. Portland, as every body knows, is a flourishing sea-port of Maine, once dependent on Falmouth, but in 1786 incorporated as an independent port under its present name. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway, which was completed six or seven years ago, made Portland the winter sea-port of Canada, and raised it to a position of great importance. Its population is now over 30,000; it has a large export and import trade; the Canadian steamers make it the Western terminus of their line in winter. When the *Great Eastern* was expected to go there, the Portlanders built a magnificent wharf for her reception. Its first important office was on the occasion of the Prince's departure, and our English visitors will probably remember it as their last recollection of the United States.

VIOLA.—A LOVE STORY.

I SAT one morning before my desk, glancing round the room, gathering in my thoughts. The garniture of the room was pretty; warm tints and graceful contours, and the windows framed very lovely landscapes. Only Viola, my old friend Viola, sitting opposite me, was called ugly, according to the world's judgment. Coarse features, tawny hair, milk-and-water eyes, and a nose that would have been positively expressionless but for the delicacy of the nostril, that quivered at every emotion. The red locks—not ripples—grew down, down upon her forehead, leaving just room for three horizontal furrows that care had clearly creased from side to side. There was but one redeeming feature—the mouth was inexpressibly sweet; a firm, living sweet, indicative of no negative but a positive, vital goodness. My friends say there is nothing within the bounds of our domains so devoid of the impress of Beauty's hand; and they wish to know why I have asked her to stop with me—why I would enjoy having so homely an object in my view.

"Butterflies! her wings are not so brilliant as yours, but she has a honey-bag of sweetness in her heart. 'Like loves like'—and I love her," I reply, laughing.

They call me beautiful, and I am grateful. Perhaps if I possessed less to charm the eye I might value it higher, and value less that beauty of the mind which, despite the theory that our physical frames are mirrors of the inner, is not unfrequently enshrined in a very ugly shell.

Viola was so ugly that when I looked at her I expected nothing; so I was continually surprised and delighted by the cropping out, as it were, of beauty; as when one is traveling along a dreary waste, suddenly to come round upon a verdant valley nestled among shaggy, sentinel hills. Then she had a voice of most marvelous sweetness, of thrilling power, so that whether it soared in an exultant oratorio, or plead in plaintive "Gethsemane," the tones lived long in me as a divine message. She read the poets that I loved—oh! so as to shame my previous understanding of them. She was a hater of cowardice, and deceit, and tyranny, in every form; and tell me, now, *could* she be ugly? It is impossible! Our conventional laws must be changed, and bring her into the enchanted ring. I must speak to Ruskin about it.

I said I was looking round my room. I was looking at her; and fearing that her susceptible nature might read my thoughts, I began:

"Viola, why don't you write for a living? You have superb talents, appreciation, imagination, power of construction, fits of inspiration; and I believe that, by all means, you should use your fine talents for writing."

The girl raised her honest eyes from the book she was reading, and her face settled down, down into its habitual look of weariness, sadness, and suffering.

"Pho! there are too many smatterers already. I don't think I am needed, or could do any good in that way."

Quietly she put away her book, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to her daily toil—the "drilo, drillery, filem grindem" of school-teaching. I said no more, though I knew the drudgery of her half-requited work; how long she labored to see but very little learned; how this inspector or that, knowing nothing about the matter, but feeling in duty bound to show that he did know, was forever suggesting that this or that should be bettered. I know that this or that patron was continually complaining that his darling learned too little or too slow; I know, for I had traveled in that path, of the mental prostration which follows a day's duties done in the school-room; I know, what was worst, how it saps the energies and narrows the mind; I know that she, too, saw its results; and how I pitied her! I ran over the time when we were rollicking, gay young girls together at school, and she the most light-hearted, winsome, bird-like creature of all that happy band. She was the favorite of Professor B——, and he lavished upon her so many tender attentions; took such pride in cultivating and displaying her splendid voice; gave her books and music and flowers, and interpreted them all to her young heart, that—oh! it was the old, sad story again told—she loved him; while every one saw it but he who *would* not see it, and he went and married another. It was a long time before the bird was glad and sang again. And she never gave her heart to another. When her friends importuned her to accept some one, when they told her that she was almost an "old maid," she had the frankness to confess that she had loved Professor B——, and she could love no other. Laughingly, now she says she is "married to the school."

To-night Viola came in from school with a flushed cheek and a brighter eye than usual. I saw that her hand trembled as she removed her glove and passed on into her room and closed the door. Something had gone wrong; the old complaint of parent who wished his dunce to be supplied with brains gratis; or perhaps the trustees had notified her that she might leave. "It is a shame!" said both my husband and I. Well, she should have a home with us, and the favor would be all to us. I bade Biddy to make an extra cup of tea, and use all the rest of her skill on some cream toast, and sat down to the piano to fling off my indignation, if possible, by tea time. Presently Viola's hand was upon my shoulder.

"Is my dear well to-night?" I said, without looking up.

"Very well, Carrie."

What made her voice so calm and sweet? I looked up.

"Carrie, I am to marry Professor B——. He has been to see me to-day. You know his wife is dead. He says he loves me."

What a look of happiness! The incarnation of rest from struggle and desolation and agony such as the deserted orphan only knows.

God, on earth, giveth His trusting children rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

THE PRINCE AMONG THE LADIES.

MOST certainly, since there first were young men and young women in Gotham, no one ever created such a flurry among the fair sex as the Prince of Wales. Thousands of young women, of otherwise robust constitution, now live exclusively upon the remembrance of having seen, spoken to, or danced with him. The blessed few who were presented are thrice happy, the envied of their own sex, the delight of the other. In ninety-five out of a hundred drawing-rooms the Prince is the sole subject of conversation; his appearance, his face, his figure, his eyes, his mouth, his hands, his air, his voice, his style of dancing, are all topics of intense interest and unflagging importance to the world of crinoline.

It is agreed on all sides that he was delightful. Any lady who found fault with him would probably share the fate of the Irishman who tried to insult him on his departure, and was promptly and righteously knocked on the head by a by-stander. Considering his youth, the opportunities of blundering which he had, and the severe trials he underwent, it is certainly remarkable that he should have made not a single mistake, and have left nothing but pleasant recollections behind. Much is doubtless due to the good judgment of the Duke of Newcastle and the other sagacious men by whom he was surrounded; but still, the Prince himself must be a youth of rare discretion not to have betrayed himself at least once by some *bévue* natural to his age.

The most general remark about him appears to bear upon his strikingly gentlemanly demeanor. He impressed every body as the most perfect gentleman they had ever met. Of course one expects a future king to be a gentleman; but really, when one looks back and reads about the ancestors of Albert Edward, and especially his grand-uncle, who was known as the First Gentleman in Europe, the genuine gentleness and modesty of the Prince's manner deserve not to be passed over in silence. Our aristocracy, and especially some of those who so generously undertook to represent the citizens of New York on the occasion of the late ball, and to decide who should, and who should not, be admitted within the charmed circle of "our best society," may learn a useful lesson from him. They may learn from him that the first condition of gentlemanship is, as the word implies, gentleness, and modesty, and deference to others; not vulgar assumption, and haughty pride, and impertinent self-assertion. It is no blame to a man that his father may have been a cobbler, or himself bred a tailor; we can not all be princes. But all of us can and should so demean ourselves as never to displease any one or hurt any one's feelings; and this lesson of demeanor the future King of England taught—let us hope profitably—to the aristocracy of the United States.

HOW TO USE YOUR FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY newspaper, if its name imports any thing, ought to be a family affair. All the members of the domestic circle should be interested in it, and, indeed, trained to appreciate it as a part of the inner economy of household life. The common practice that limits the use of the newspaper to the parents and grown-up children, deprives the family, as a family, of its benefits. To make it available for the good of all, it should be regarded as a centre around which the intellect of the household should be collected—a family table for daily mental nutriment.

Reading is ordinarily one of our most selfish enjoyments. Men and women who are liberal in every thing else are exclusive here. The spare hour or two in the evening that they can give to this exercise is private property—a quiet little Sabbath of their own, shut up in a pleasant parenthesis—which they are entitled to enjoy. But this is a sort of intellectual harem-life which is rather inconsistent with family culture. Not that we wish to convey the idea that there is to be no private reading and study—no books sacred to ourselves. Every one must have paths in literary fields that are silent to the tread of other footsteps; but in the family, mind and all its forms of action ought to be common. This is Nature's law—as much so as kindness, sympathy, and love, with their retinue of graceful offices, are to be shared in by all the household. It is a law, however, that is constantly violated. Few families have any intellectual exercise in common. Aside from the familiar topics that constitute the staple chit-chat of the table and the fireside, they have no such thing as family mind, trained every day by contact with the same general truths, facts, incidents. One main reason of this has just been intimated; viz., the insulating habit of private reading. How, now, can this be remedied? There is at least one method that may be adopted with obvious advantage, and it consists in the proper use of a first-rate family newspaper.

Devote an hour each night that you may be able to command to this interesting work. Read aloud such portions of the newspaper as may be suited to your purpose. Require one of the children to explain the geographical allusions; give arithmetical questions to another; get a third to point out bad grammar, and let the elder children make a rhetoric exercise of the best-written articles. The long columns of advertisements will suggest many profitable inquiries. Here you will have a machine that will call out their knowledge of mechanics as taught in natural philosophy; and there a cargo of sugar, coffee, etc., will practice them in the productions of distant climates. You will soon find that the newspaper, bringing together so many items of interest, will awaken their curiosity and excite their faculties; and thus whatever your children are learning at school will acquire a practical value by being used under circumstances to arouse the ambition and gratify the budding scholarship of the little students. In this way you will operate powerfully on the child's progress in education. One of the greatest difficulties in really and thoroughly educating a young mind is in exercising its powers in the application of knowledge.

Nor will the benefit end here. Every family ought to have a family education in the knowledge of the world. It ought to be trained to look out upon the great sea of human life from the snug cove of home. Experience in the world is not the only way to know the world; and indeed it often happens, where there has been no previous introduction of the domestic mind to an acquaintance with the realities of existence, that experience is a bitter school. True manly experience presupposes the study of principles, maxims, sentiments; and by them the intellect and heart are prepared for an experimental intercourse with society. Every parent should see to this domestic work. Nothing is a better auxiliary to it than a good newspaper.

Apart from these effects, the bare fact that the different members of a family cultivate thought, taste, expression together, must strengthen the ties of domestic sympathy and enlarge the scope and action of their nature. There is a great need for this sort of blending in most families. If the Bible is excepted, what common educative influence of the domestic intellect have we? Nothing supplies this want, so far as everyday mind is concerned, so well as a moral, high-toned, earnest newspaper.

THE LOUNGER.

THE BRAIN OF ITALY.

IT is worth while to turn back to the portrait of Count Cavour which was published last year in the *Weekly*, to look once more upon a great man. He has clearly the creative power of a statesman; for a statesman is a man who not only comprehends principles, but understands how to shape them into policies. He is the man who sees the relations between abstract ideas and practical possibilities.

Cavour's address to the Sardinian Parliament is a speech of unequaled simplicity and force. Italy is in that condition which allows a man to speak honestly, and Cavour does not hesitate to say just what he thinks. Instead of blarneying about the proper policy of Italy in the future, concealing his own views until he discovered those of somebody else, and taking care not to "commit" himself, Cavour "commits" himself entirely. Without the least hesitation he puts upon record just what he thinks, although he does it at the certain cost of rancorous opposition from the radical Italians.

Cavour's Italian policy is simply consolidation of the several States as fast as the people wish; present passivity toward Venetia, and protection of the Pope.

"We do not forget their cause," he says, speaking of the Venetians, "but we think we are serving it most effectually by constituting a strong and united Italy." War with Austria, in the face of the unanimous opposition of the Great Powers, he thinks, would endanger not only Italy, but the cause of liberty in Europe.

The Roman question can not be settled by the sword, says Cavour. Moral obstacles intervene, and they must be met by moral forces. Besides, there are French soldiers in Rome, and to fight the French is to ruin Italy.

The Naples question can be settled only by a popular vote. The provisional rule would soon be fatal to the Southern Italians; and as they rose at the word and in the name of King Victor, he is answerable for their fate. But he will not assume to control it. It shall be determined by the people, as in Tuscany. But this must be done immediately. Why should Naples and Sicily remain unorganized until Venice and Rome are in a condition to join the kingdom? If the revolution be made permanent in Southern Italy, the cry will no longer be "Italy and Victor Emanuel!" but the mystic cry of sectarianism, "God and the People!"

Cavour says that the "generous patriot" who favored the immediate annexation of the Marches and Umbria ought not to oppose it in the case of Naples. Finally, with dignity; with respect for the King, country, and Parliament; with perfect loyalty to the services and character of Garibaldi; but with no less consciousness of his own character

and position, Cavour concludes in a strain from which all American politicians might learn a lesson. When Italy has such a head and heart as Cavour, and such a hand and heart as Garibaldi, who shall despair?

"The vote of confidence you gave the ministers, a few months since, enabled them to overcome difficulties, both numerous and serious, which stood in their way. Now that they may hold with a steady hand the helm of the State, it is necessary that they should know, and that Italy should know, whether their deeds and behavior during this interval were of a nature to diminish the confidence you put in them.

"This is all the more necessary, as a voice justly dear to the multitude expressed to the crown and the country its distrust of us.

"Such a declaration, indeed, painfully affected us; but it could not turn us by a tittle from our purposes.

"Faithful guardians of the Constitution, of which we must be the most scrupulous executors, we think that the voice of one citizen, whatever signal services he may have rendered to the country, should not prevail against the authority of the great powers of the State.

"It, therefore, is the duty of the ministers of a Constitutional King not to give way before pretensions not very legal, even if they be backed by a splendid halo of popularity and by a victorious sword.

"But as we would fail in our duty by giving way to those pretensions, so we should have failed in our obligation toward Parliament if we had not put the question to it whether it be ready to sanction the sentence pronounced against us."

HOWE NOT TO DO IT.

PATIENCE PARSONS has written a letter to the Lounger about Mr. Howe's patent. Can nothing be done? she asks. Will he insist upon a prolongation of his patent?

"Has Mr. Howe no bowels of mercy—not a bowel? Can he not be satisfied with half a million of dollars, and the blessings of all women? He is decidedly the greatest benefactor of womankind that the world has ever produced. He will hold that position until some luckier man shall invent an automaton housemaid, which, at a certain hour, will start out from its resting-place, kindle the fire, boil the tea-kettle, toast the bread, boil the eggs, and perform the multitudinous duties of cook and chambermaid. Until that blessed millennium cometh, Mr. Howe's name will be ever coupled with thanksgivings. Will he esteem these as naught, compared with the 'almighty dollar?'

"Can the thousands of suffering wives, mothers, and seamstresses, throughout the length and breadth of this land, do nothing to alleviate their woes? Will not Congress interfere in their behalf? I greatly fear I commit a grievous sin, and covet my neighbor's sewing-machine."

Patience Parsons should remember that to ask Mr. Howe to contribute a million or half a million dollars to relieve suffering people is to make an appeal which would hardly be satisfied with the probable response. We have no right to require of any individual an unselfishness which we should not expect of every body. But we may all justly wish that the Patent Laws might be so arranged that when a man has been munificently paid he should not continue to be paid. In other words, we have a right to wish—have we not?—that the renewal of patent rights should depend somewhat upon the profits already made by the patentee. The patent right is only the price which the public pays him for the use of his talent; and the public must determine what it is worth, and how the price shall be paid.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN.

THE translator of Michelet's "Love" and "Woman" has translated, also, Legouvè's "Moral History of Women." This work comprises a course of lectures delivered at the College of France a dozen years ago, and it is one of the authorities in the Woman question. It is extremely interesting; full of anecdote and curious erudition; and it succeeds in investing a grave discussion with great popular charms.

It calls itself a History of Women, but it is more precisely a history of the French woman, or of woman under the conditions of French civilization; and the reader who considers such questions in this country as only lost and ludicrous discussions, will be surprised to find with what a simple directness it has been treated elsewhere. The articles of John Stuart Mill, in the *Westminster*, and this work of Legouvè's, a college course of lectures in France, show a coolness and respectability of attention upon the part of the public which we have not yet reached. But then we have it in other ways, and upon other subjects, which are forbidden in those countries. Only as we profess to tolerate discussion of every subject, our shame is greater when we sneer at any opinion than that of countries which do not pretend to the grace of toleration.

Dr. Palmer has made an excellent, a racy, and faithful translation of a valuable and timely and fascinating book. It is not merely speculative. Legouvè makes practical suggestions to women which will be useful every where; even in this country, although a learned pundit some time since gravely announced, after a display of ignorance which prepared the reader's mind to estimate his opinion at its exact value, "The condition of women in this country is about as good as it can ever hope to be."

Whew!

What a pity! Because nobody pretends that *our* condition is ever as good as it can be while there is a chance that, by any means, it may be made better. If Legouvè had not written his lectures before that remark was made, he would certainly have given it a place among the curious proofs of his position that much remains to be done.

Legouvè is the author of the tragedy of *Medea*, which Rachel would not play, but which has been the great triumph of Ristori, and, as many think, of Miss Heron.

WHAT H.R.H. SAW.

THE London *Times* thinks that the Prince's visit to this country will be extremely useful. Granted: but why? Because, says John Bull's newspaper—because he will see English institutions divested of the wise checks of monarchy against political corruption. That is good. William Hogarth, of whom Mr. Sala is writing in the *Cornhill*, would think it good. Mr. Hogarth drew a picture once of Chairing the Member; and many English authors have described for us the sweet absence of political corruption in England.

It is well understood that John frowns upon every kind of political bribery; but yet what does the *Times* mean? The reception of the Prince in New York was an institution divested of the wise check of monarchy—namely, a standing army. The militia was another institution divested of monarchical check, for it was composed of the people who constitute the government. H.R.H. saw the same institutions that he sees at home, if you please, and he saw that they secured the same liberty without a similar expense.

H.R.H. himself is one of the monarchical checks, and a very costly one. H.R.H. saw that an O.P.F. was a much less expensive luxury than himself. The Duke and the Earl and the Lords must have seen the same thing. They may have thought more than they will ever say. They saw the "institutions" tried as by fire—tried with a force which in England would come near to blood, as it has before; and when they reach their homes, to which may all kind breezes waft them! they will learn that the wisest "check" upon anarchy is that principle of government which secures prosperity to the great mass of a people.

THE LECTURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WE might as well surrender. We must confess that Americans spit. Mrs. Trollope said so a quarter of a century ago—and now Mr. Grantley Berkeley says so—and he ought to know. Mr. Grantley Berkeley came last year and hunted at the West, and borrowed money at St. Louis, and complained that he was not allowed to take his dogs gratis in the cars, and was generally unhappy. He has now returned to his home, and has delivered a lecture in Glasgow.

"The West-end" was present in great force. The Lord Provost presided. The eloquent lecturer said that he had no wish to disparage the magnificent country, etc. Mr. Grantley Berkeley doesn't wish to disparage America; *but* the ladies' dresses in railway carriages in America are five feet high in tobacco-juice. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has no desire to speak ill, but justice compels him to mention that the ballot is a curse to America. Also, nobody is "considered respectable" in that country unless he is accompanied by a man in black. Also, "the whole country was watching him," because his arrival had been mentioned in the papers, and the excitement was such that twenty-four people stood upon the railway platform when he reached Philadelphia. Also, he should never forget the grandeur of the scene as he "came up with" eleven bisons upon the prairie.

The political condition of this country, Mr. Grantley Berkeley told the Lord Provost and "the West-end" of Glasgow, is frightful. But then, considering that Mr. Grantley Berkeley was in the English Parliament for twenty years, we might take heart again. There are some misfortunes that even America escapes. "Of Mr. Grantley Berkeley," says William Maginn, "I scarcely knew any thing. . . . . I had heard something of his appearance in Parliament, but his efforts at legislation are never alluded to but as matters of jest."

This is the Mr. Berkeley of whose novel, "Berkeley Castle," William Maginn wrote a scorching review twenty-four years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*. Soon after its appearance Mr. Berkeley and his brother Craven went to the shop of Mr. Fraser. There was no one in but that gentleman. Brother Craven stood guard at the door while brother Grantley entered with a horse-whip with a loaded handle. Finding Mr. Fraser alone, brother Grantley struck him with his fist upon the temple, and knocked him down; he then beat him senseless with the whip-stock, and then mangled him with the lash, while brother Craven, a powerful man, kept the crowd outside at bay, and called to brother Grantley, "D—n him! give it him well." The attack was fatal to Mr. Fraser, and led to a duel between Mr. Maginn, the editor of the Magazine and the author of the article, and Grantley Berkeley. At the close of his account of the whole affair afterward, and it is a curious peep into the domestic relations of patrician John Bull, Mr. Maginn says, "I wish the intelligent and independent electors of West Gloucestershire joy of their representative."

So we wish the "West-end" and the "Lord Provost" of Glasgow joy of their lecturer.

RAILROAD RHYME.

No. 2.

As late I hied me to the Berkshire Hills,
  Rumbling and grumbling o'er disjointed "ties,"
  A crush of crinoline, a flash of eyes
With sudden glamour all the darkness thrills;
Beside me tremble ribbons, laces, frills,
  The fair *et cœteras* of a soul's disguise—
  A June day gladness, pure as Paradise,
Witches the air: birds sing—while dance the rills.
I speak her fair: she answers me more fair:
  "What pre-existence had we shared before?"
Eyes look through eyes—our souls kiss then and there;
  And now we part not—never, never more.
So, Mr. Lounger, bless our happy stars!
And rail no more, Sir, at our *matchless* railroad cars!

HOUSATONIC.

TWO LOST SONNETS.

I WAS lately looking into a small volume to verify a quotation, and as I laid it down could not help moralizing a little upon the fate of the book. It is twenty-one years since it was published, and I suppose it is long since out of print. It is very small, and contains three essays upon "Epic Poetry," "Shakespeare," and "Hamlet," followed by poems. The essays are exquisitely simple and lucid in style, and are subtle and vigorous in thought. The poems, especially the sonnets, are remarkable. Indeed there are two sonnets which are among the very best of this form of verse. Certainly none so good have been written in America. Let it therefore console the author of the last book of rhymes, which is already slipping into oblivion, that his chaff is dignified by the society whose fate it shares. Let no American poet grumble at the coldness of the public when he knows that two such sonnets as follow have neither made a name for their author nor saved his book from forgetfulness.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
  Because my feet find measure with its call;
The birds know when the friend they loved is nigh,
  For I am known to them both great and small;
The flower that on the lovely hill-side grows,
  Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
  And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
  Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
  Each object wear the dress that then he wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
  Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

TO THE CANARY BIRD.

I can not hear thy voice with others' ears,
  Who make of thy lost liberty a gain;
And in thy tale of blighted hopes and fears
  Feel not that every note is born with pain.
Alas! that with thy music's gentle well
  Past days of joy should through thy memory throng,
And each to thee their words of sorrow tell
  While ravished sense forgets thee in thy song;
The heart that on the past and future feeds,
  And pours in human words its thoughts divine,
Though at each birth the spirit inly bleeds,
  Its song may charm the listening ear like thine,
And men with gilded cage and praise will try
  To make the bard, like thee, forget his native sky.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I SAW a model husband—in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem;
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherished was—his own;
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

A country justice of the peace, when upward of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen; and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father *suited* me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might *suit* me for *forty years to come*."

The following notice, written on the door of a village school-house, would seem to indicate that the "schoolmaster is abroad:" "Kea at the woden house necks dor."

A celebrated author says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

There is a man in Totnes so knowing that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

Beauty, like lobsters, will spoil in time; kisses, like ice, will melt; words are but air; love is only a bubble, bright, beautiful in the light of fancy—touched by the rough reality of life, it is nothing; hope, the plaything of the hour; despair, the suicide's excuse; money, the god men worship; honesty, a new suit of clothes, worn as little as possible, and soon out of the fashion; pride, an excellent substitute for knowledge.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked, the other day, to a lady with whom he was bowling ten-pins,

"I think, Miss, that you would have made a capital baker."

"Indeed, Sir! Why?"

"Because you make such excellent rolls."

An Indian and white man were passing along a street, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who was standing in the door-way, said, "Ugh! him great man—big brave—take many scalps!"

CROTCHET CONUNDRUMS.—What carpenter's tool represents a soothsayer? An auger (augur).—What word signifying wrong denotes also a young lady? A miss.—What plaything may be deemed above every other? A top.—What is that, though always stationary, is ever in motion? A clock.—What is that, although only four inches broad and three inches deep, yet contains a solid foot? A shoe.—When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a lady.—What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street-door.

Professor Jones had a peculiarly red nose; so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was peculiarly sensitive. One day a chestnut, propelled by some invisible hand, was hurled across the lecture-room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate that, glancing off, it spun almost to the ceiling. "Mr. Brown!" thundered out the Professor, "that was you, Sir; I know it, Sir; don't deny it, Sir; your blushes betray you, Sir."—"Do you think I blush, Sir?" modestly asked the student. "Blush!" retorted the Professor, "your face is as red as beet-root."—"Pardon me, Sir," replied Brown, "I think it's only the reflection of light; perhaps you looked at me over your nose."

A distinguished author was recently overtaken in a shower, and took refuge under a portico at the West-end. A young and beautiful lady, who was at the parlor window, after looking attentively at him for a moment, sent a servant out with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author dressed himself up to his last result of the problem of what was becoming; and as the umbrella was an old one, laid it aside as a *souvenir*, and purchasing one of the costliest taste, called on the lady to return her flattering loan. She received the new umbrella evidently without remarking the change, and after listening, with curious gravity, to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was under the impression that she was enamored of him; and forthwith *naively* explained, as he had stood in the way of an expected visit from her intended, who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to *get him off her front steps!*

A cockney conducted two ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

He must be a strong general who can storm and *carry* a fortress.

A NOVEL TRADE.—A correspondent of a French paper recently encountered an old woman bearing a bundle of not very cleanly cloths on her arm; he inquired her calling. She said she was "*Moucheuse des Invalides*." Her profession was to blow the noses of the old invalid soldiers who had no arms. She could scarcely make a living this fine weather, and was longing for November, which would bring catarrh in its train. Then she drives a roaring trade, and blows forests of noses.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.—A country girl, who had lived in a small farm-house where bells were unknown, went to live as parlor-maid in a gentleman's family. The bell was rung which it was her duty to answer, and as she did not rise to go, a fellow-servant said, "Why, Mary, don't you answer the bell; don't you know missus wants you?"—"No," replied the girl; "if her wants me why don't her *holler!*"

A negro being caught stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "Dat he only came dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dar eyes open."

"Dear Laura, when we were courting, you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I am paying your bills, you seem to get dearer and dearer!"

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped in thought" that he was tied up, labeled, and set off on the "train of ideas."

Before the days of teetotalers a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee's saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up, Mr. Bisbee? why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I w-w-would, b-b-b-but it's so mighty thin here that I'm afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

An Irishman discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney-piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up stairs to his master, and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him. A large kettle of water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't, Surr." "Why, you fool! pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, Surr."

Tall gentlemen are always successful, because the ladies are all in favor of hy-men.

The habit of drinking can be cured by giving the drinkers all the liquor they want to drink all the time. We know of two in our own experience who were cured in three weeks. One jumped out of a fourth-story window and ran a curbstone into his head. The other didn't get up one morning, and has now a curbstone growing over his head in the grave-yard.

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because *we* can't be *wed* without it."

"Is Mr. Tibbs a slow man that you never associate with him?"

"Mr. Tibbs, my love, is as slow as the clock in the Court of Chancery, which takes an hour and twenty minutes to strike one."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next. Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented."

"Wife, bring me some cold beef," said a shiftless husband, when, for the first time in his life, he discovered that he was more hungry than thirsty.

"There is no beef in the house," was the mild reply.

"Fetch me some pork, then."

"No pork, either."

"Well, then, let me have some potatoes."

"Not a potato left."

"Thunder and lightning! get some bread, then."

"The bread is all gone, too."

"Well, then, give me a knife and fork, and *let me go through the motions!*"

At a late military dinner one of the visitors proposed a toast, "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other;" but the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word "distress," completely changed the sentiment, and caused much merriment by the blunder.

STRIKING REPROOF.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed—"Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."—"I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

IRISH TEMPERANCE.—A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. "Blood and 'ounds! my dear fellow," said he, "what are you about? For the honor of Tipperary, don't be after sitting over half a pint of wine in a house like this."—"Make yourself aisy, countryman," was the reply; "it's the seventh I have had, and every one in the room knows it."

Bow to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

How to make people acknowledge the corn. Tread on their toes.

Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe?—Because it is always on the Spree.

He who asks no questions at all is queer, but he who asks many questions is the querist.

Laughing after dinner is a better stomachic to promote digestion than cheese, Champagne, or pills.

Why are all games of chess of equal duration?—Because it always takes *four knights* to play a game.

The first symptoms of love in the wisest of the world's philosophers were certainly very remarkable. "Leaning," says Socrates, "my shoulder to her shoulder, and my head to hers, as we were reading together in a book, I felt, it is a fact, a sudden sting in my shoulder, like the biting of a flea, which I still felt above five days after, and a continual itching crept into my heart."

An old grub, in the city of Glasgow, who discounted bills for his friends on "promise to pay," and who held good back securities, in the shape of indorsation, was applied to by a friend to cash a small bill for him, when old Discount required additional security. The friend, who little expected a request of the kind, flew into a violent rage.

"Security, Sir! I'll give you the devil for security!"

"Well, then," exclaimed the bill discounter, "just bring him forward; and as I ne'er ha'e seen the gentleman, get two decent men to say that it's really him, and ye'll get the siller."

We lately picked up the following memoranda, which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an elegant velvet talma, an exquisite Honiton collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces: "I must get a Vail, Sarcknet, Gluvs, Brean Hoss, Laise, Shymmezet, Kulone."

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I sha'n't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort."

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a broker, no one having furnished more stock quotations than he.

William Brodie. Maj. Teesdale. Dr. Ackland. Capt. Grey. Chas. G. L. Eliot. Lord Lyons. Earl St. Germans. Hinchinbrook. The Prince. The Duke of Newcastle. Gen. Bruce. G. D. Englehart. G. F. Jenner. Frederick Warre.

OUR RECENT VISITORS, THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE.—AT BRADY'S GALLERY, NEW YORK.—[See Page 689.]

FATHER GAVAZZI PREACHING AT THE PLACE DEI CROCIFIERI, AT MESSINA.

GAVAZZI PREACHING IN SICILY.

ALMOST all of our readers, we presume, have heard of Gavazzi, the famous Italian preacher who was with Garibaldi at Rome, and who subsequently traveled through this country preaching a crusade against the Pope. He is now in Sicily, preaching again, but this time to his countrymen, freed from oppression, and emancipated from theocratic tyranny. We present a picture of the scene.

What changes in a few years! Only ten years ago, Gavazzi, preaching against the Pope in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, was assailed by a band of Irishmen, and would have been killed but for the protection of some Protestant gentlemen who gathered to defend him. The same Gavazzi, in whom time has not weakened his hatred of the Papacy, is still preaching against the Pope—but this time in Italy; and Irishmen, who had volunteered to maintain the Papal despotism, are prisoners at Ancona, vainly begging the protection of the British Government.

FARISTAN AND FATIMA.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.*

DONE INTO HIS MOTHER-TONGUE BY E. A. DOWRING.

PART I.

ONCE in a famous Eastern city
There lived a tailor with a pretty,
In fact a very pretty wife,
Whom he loved better than his life.
Her eyes were of the blackest sort,
No lily's stem was half so slender,
Of finest silk her hair seemed wrought,
Her rosy cheeks were smooth and tender,
Her age scarce twenty—and, in short,
It was impossible to mend her.
One day quoth he: "You darling little wife, you!
Whatever would become of hapless me,
If I should happen to survive you,
And your fair body I should see
Lying a corpse, all cold and void of motion,
Within my arms? The very notion
Gives me a chill as if I now were dying!
I swear that if I, wretched man,
Only survive the shock, you'll find me lying
Upon your tomb for nine long days, and crying,
Crying the very best I can!"—

"And if, dear husband," she began,
"I'm the survivor when we're parted,
I'll buried be, my Faristan,
Inside your coffin, broken hearted."—
"A noble woman!" he with rapture thought,
As in his arms his wife he caught.
He felt no doubt about it, for, you know,
She said it—so it must be so!

About a year had pass'd away
Since the agreement made that day,
When it so chanced that, as they sat
Over their evening meal of curry,
Spending the time in pleasant chat,
Poor Fatima, in too great hurry
To eat some tid-bit, while her eyes
Ogled, in manner far from wise,
Her husband, not her plate, by ill-luck swallow'd
A little bone—of course you guess what follow'd.

What could be done? Poor Faristan
Skips here and there, does all he can,
Upon the back he thumps her,
He shakes her, bumps her, jumps her,
He tries to push it down, he upward tries to pull it—
In vain! She's choked by that small bone inside her little gullet!

Only imagine his despair!
Soon in her winding-sheet they fold her,
Black in the face, it may be, yet *so* fair!
He could not summon courage to behold her.

Now Fatima is in her grave,
And Faristan begins to rave,
And rolls upon it, sighing with such ardor,
That he is heard a mile away and more,
Fully resolved (so much did he regard her)
Nine days to stop there, as we know he swore.

The Prophet chanced to pass that way,
Found it impossible to pray
In such a noise, so asked politely:
"What mean these groans and writhings so unsightly?"
"Oh, Sir!" said he, "within this tomb there lies
The best of wives—I never knew a chaster
Or nobler woman, loving, young, and wise—
And in the grave this very day I've placed her."

The Prophet answer'd: "Since you for her sake
Are grieving so, and merit to be lucky,
I'll grant your wish," and as he spake,
The staff his hand was grasping struck he
Upon the tomb, and, lo! it open'd wide,
And Fatima appear'd outside
In health and beauty, and with rapturous passion
Rush'd to her husband's arms in loving fashion.
How they embraced and hugg'd each other!
Any spectator must have thought
Such kisses were enough to smother
Both man and wife.—And next they sought
To thank the Prophet for this miracle portentous,
But couldn't—he was *non inventus!*

PART II.

Good Faristan bethought him then
That Fatima's loose funeral linen raiment
(Although 'twas dusk) for walking home again
Was scarcely, in the usual way, meant.
"Light of my eyes! behind these stones stoop down,
While I run home and fetch your shoes and gown;
The moon is up, there's little danger in it,
Fear not, and I'll be back in half a minute."

He spoke, and vanish'd like a shot.—
Meanwhile there happen'd to approach the spot
The Sultan's son, escorted by the light
Of many torches through the night.
His servants, by the flickering glare,
Perceived a woman with dishevel'd hair,
And scanty clothing, seeking to conceal
Her somewhat striking dishabille,
Which in the darkness, by the torchlight aided,
Seem'd greater than it in the day did.

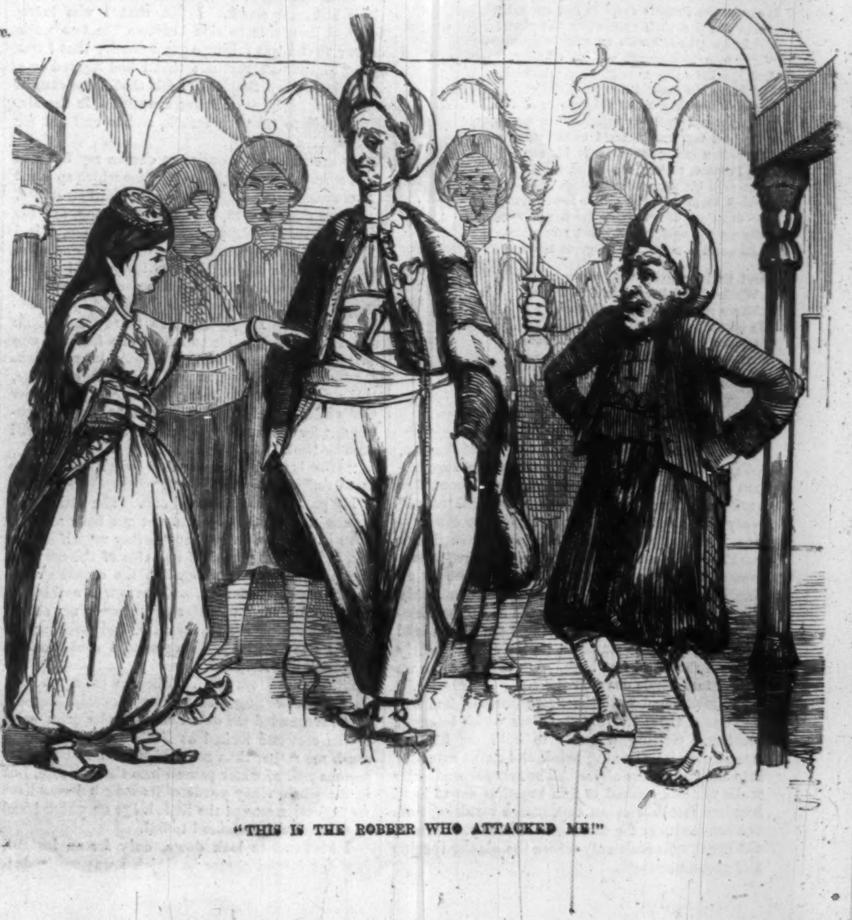
The Sultan's son his march suspended,
And then approach'd her unattended,
While she with arms and hands was trying
Her want of clothing to replace,
And left exposed, in beauty vying,
Two legs and feet of matchless grace.
The Prince, instead of putting (as his duty
Clearly enjoined) his hands before his face,
With might and main stood staring at the beauty—
"What loveliness is this I trace!
And yet the time, spot, dress, are rather funny—"
"My lord!" she said, in accents sweet as honey,
"I feel so awkward in this negligée,
I really know not what to say!"

The Prince at once confess'd the force
Of her remark, and then of course
Gave her his own great-coat at this suggestion,
And said, "Fair lady, just one question!
Pray, are you married? If you single are,
Come home with me, and be the brightest star
Within my harem! Be a prince's bride,
I love you more than all the world beside!"

Fair Fatima soon comprehended
Th' advantage of this offer splendid,
And found her knowledge as a tailor
In measuring its extent avail her.
Alas! when this proposal made he,
I grieve to say the naughty lady
Forgot her duty and her plighted troth,
Forgot her husband and her oath.
"My lord! I'm single, and quite ready
To offer you allegiance steady,
And live but for Your Royal Highness!"
"A bargain!" he exclaim'd with slyness:
A horse is brought, and, lighted by the torches,
Soon Fatima's inside his harem's porches.

Scarce had she gone when Faristan comes back,
Bringing the clothes she seem'd to lack.
She is not there! His wonderment immense is;
He shouted, search'd, and well-nigh lost his senses.
"She is some robber's prize," then thought he—
In this we scarce can contradict him;
He little dreamt that she could be so naughty
As to have been a willing victim!

"YOU DARLING LITTLE WIFE, YOU!"



"THIS IS THE ROBBER WHO ATTACKED ME!"

"Why didn't I escort her home at once,
Dress'd as she was? Alas, poor silly dunce!
In what distress my darling little wife
Will be! She said that she should find her life
So sad without me, that she needs must be
Buried alive in the same grave with me.
You phœnix of a woman! if a stranger
Has dared to pester you with his advances,
I'm sure that you'll have saved yourself from danger,
As any noble matron would: the chance is
That you have scratch'd your face, or torn your hair,
Or even stabb'd yourself in your despair!"

Alas, poor Faristan deluded,
She felt more happy far than you did!
She liked her quarters in the harem so,
That she had not the slightest wish to go,
And took so kindly to her new position,
She quite forgot you and your sad condition.

PART III.

Poor Faristan begins to seek her
Early and late, through all the country round,
But all in vain; his hopes grow weaker,
No trace of her can any where be found.
He also searches for his friend the Prophet,
Hoping that he could tell him something of it.

At length a person who was present
At the adventure, brought the news unpleasant
That Fatima, the good and tender,
Instead of swearing "No surrender!"
Had shown the Prince a preference decided,
And in his harem happily resided.

Our hero now no longer waits,
But hastens to the palace gates,
Past all the servants, heralds, courtiers pushes,
Into the Prince's very presence rushes;
And there begins he to implore him
His faithful lost one to restore him.

The Prince, kind man (who maybe had enough
Of Fatima ere this), gave no rebuff,
But told him what had pass'd, without concealment,
On learning what thi strong appeal meant.
"She doubtless was beside herself with terror,"
Said Faristan, "and thought that you were me;
Oh let her come, and I'll explain her error—
My own dear wife! You presently shall see,
My gracious lord, with how much fervor
She'll rush to kiss me—Heaven preserve her!"
"'Tis well!" the Prince replied, "so be it!
I'll at a distance stand to see it."

The lady came—good Faristan
Was so much dazzled by the splendor
Of her gold clothes and jewels, that, poor man,
He knew her scarce, and felt like some pretender.
But Fatima in half a second
Knew him too well, stepp'd back, turn'd deadly white,
Then fiery red; but soon she reckon'd
With woman's wit the way to win the fight.

Now, when the Prince observed her start, he
Rush'd up and said, "You know this party?"

"Oh yes!" replied the gentlest of all creatures,
"I recognize too well his features.
This is the robber who attack'd me,
Beat me, and dragg'd me to the spot from whence
Your Highness had the goodness to extract me,
Half-naked, thanks to his impertinence!"

On hearing his dear wife thus speak,
Poor Faristan turns pale as death,
Stares wildly round, feels faint and weak,
His senses swim, he gasps for breath.
The Court in chorus all asserted
Such conduct proved a mind perverted;
His guilt was clear, the Prince commanded
That they should take him to the Cadi.
Into the judgment-room he's handed,
The case is tried, the gentle lady
Duly deposes, our poor friend
Makes no defense, what cares he for his life,
Seeing this conduct of his faithless wife?
He'd rather have it at an end.
The verdict's "Guilty!" so they take him straightway
Off to the gallows near the city's gateway.

What could have saved his neck and reputation,
As he stood trembling at the gallows' base,
Had not the Prophet (who in our narration
Has play'd a part) approach'd the place?
His figure glisten'd with an angel's splendor.
"This man is innocent, and no offender,
And I'm his witness too!" he cried aloud.
The hangman dropp'd the rope, the crowd
Stared when they heard this speech of one
Who never spoke in ignorance or malice,
And all together hasten'd to the palace;
The Sultan came, attended by his son.
The Prophet, highly honor'd at the Court,
First says his say; then Fatima is brought.
Around them both the others form a ring;
Too conscious of her guilt, the naughty thing
Lifts up her eyes, the Prophet recognizes,
Falls down a corpse, while great the crowd's surprise is.

Good Faristan gets ample compensation,
While Fatima's consign'd to her old tomb;
There she may stop until the day of doom.
He hasn't now the slightest inclination
To throw himself, and weep, and rave,
E'en for nine seconds, on her grave.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

I ARRIVED in Chamouny on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We two had been about five weeks in Switzerland, and in that time had "done" every thing considered necessary by our countrymen. We had acquired some experience in glacier work, having ascended the Alitsch Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the second exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remembered well the first glimpse I had had into one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the fathomless abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the convexity of the crevasse. Usually, I believe, the great split ends only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive," said one of our guides. "Yes," said another, "a man once escaped, and lives still at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice; which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a leg and an arm broken. He found a hollow space between the ground and the ice through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the great pain he endured, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier."

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand long enough and strong enough, what an awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half squeezed to death, the heat of his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into his dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Brevant, and as few climbing travelers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work we left Chamouny in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a solitary little mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with some eatables and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought from Courmayeur. It was a glorious morning, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half an hour, was along an uneven path skirting the glacier, which lay below us on our left hand, very much crevassed and covered with débris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we must now take to the glacier for a short distance. We descended on to it, and threaded our way among the numerous crevasses.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, is not made with the attendant precautions of axes or ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that our guide, who had fallen behind, cautioned us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to take and keep the lead.

Just then our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left I perceived that it terminated, some twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began making foot-holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the ice-slope and the wide crevasse, and said, very seriously, "It is dangerous, let us go round." By this time I had, with the aid of my Alpenstock, climbed about half-way up the slope of ice. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had determined to retrace my steps. So, when the guide had spoken, I carefully stretched back my right leg, feeling for the last hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping; the smooth surface offered not the least projection that I could grasp, the slope became perpendicular, and I fell, head foremost, into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow-traveler and the guide. My own sensations can not be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls of ice; that I was falling a great depth; that I was going to utter destruction; that I had lighted on a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something: that I hung suspended in the air. I was able to take my breath, and to call out for "A rope! a rope!"

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge. On this frail structure, not more than two inches wide at the top, and (as well as I could judge) about two feet deep, I had fallen, so that my head hung down on one side, my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means which I can not at all recall, I raised myself from this dreadful position to a standing one on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficiently wide to admit one foot. I was now so far collected as that I could hear and understand my fellow-traveler saying from above, "We never hoped to hear your voice again. For God's sake, take heart. The guide is gone to Montanvert for men and ropes; he is running, and will soon be back."

"If he is not," I answered, "I shall never come up alive."

My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders, drenching me to the skin, and freezing me with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse. There was a terribly stolid, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would unite to crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Numerous rills of water poured into the crevasse, but in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously chanced to fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the little ledge I must inevitably have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this horribly perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way, looking up at the blue sky above me and the clear ice on all sides, but seldom daring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg (fortunately the idle one) was badly bruised. In the mean while my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing benumbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from under which I durst not move.

I called to my fellow-traveler to know if any one were in sight? There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me, "He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he can not find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself down and have the agony over. At that miserable time I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if the guide were yet in sight, and when he turned round to retrace his steps, had been thunder-struck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by innumerable crevasses, all so similar in appearance as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. But, thank Heaven! he had caught sight of a little knapsack left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide, which had directed him back.

I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense; it is no figure of speech that I felt as if the blood were freezing in my veins. I called to him again to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. Indeed, it was most unlikely that the guide could be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; and besides that I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and I determined to try to rescue myself with its aid. I called to my fellow-traveler above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not to try; but my situation was becoming so desperate that I did. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit one hand. My next endeavor was to cut a deep foot-hole about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my foot in it, and holding fast by the place I had made for my hand, and at the same time pressing with my back against the opposite side of the crevasse with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and commenced cutting another foot-hole about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my icy prison; but a single slip or a false step, and I knew I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foot-hole when I heard a joyful shout from above. "They are in sight—three men with ropes—running as hard as they can!" A few minutes afterward I heard their voices at the mouth of the crevasse.

I steadied myself on my terribly narrow and slippery footing in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. "Merciful God! It will not reach me! It is too short!" "We have got another rope," was answered from above; and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above with both hands, I gave the word. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier.

I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant. Now, when I felt myself once more upon a firm footing, an all-pervading sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape I had had came over me and made me faint. The surrounding mountains and the glacier whirled before my eyes, and I should have fallen but that they held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, as I had been trying to do. The mouth was so wide that, as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support, not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular wall.

Our poor guide was in a terrible state, and had run the whole way to Montanvert, but could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and was starting off to Chamouny when two muleteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for those ropes, telling the men that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They hastily threw the wood from the backs of the mules, and came to my rescue with the guide, and brought the ropes with them; knotted together (it seemed there were three in all), they made up a length of about sixty feet, just enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed, with unspeakable dread, of what had happened when lying in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow now without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travelers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.

THE OLD STORY.

FOLD the pale hands over the lily-white breast. Smooth the silken hair upon the temples so recently throbbing with thought. Close the yet tinted lips. Lay the pure, white robe smoothly down to the tiny feet. Unclasp the fingers and fill them with buds and blossoms. Scatter rose-lips mingled with green leaves upon the swelling folds of her breast. Touch the marble forehead. Droop the curtain a little more. Gently smooth the one fold in the covering of the cool, white bed. Move that chair just a little—so. Leave her alone in the still room.

It is only a year since Frank went away. It is only two years since he sat one morning with Ellie to see the sun rise. That was a curious whim of the little maiden—that Frank should sit with her on the mossy rock which shadowed the cottage door and see the glory of an August morning. But it was little matter to Frank; for if Ellie would have him sit by her side and look at a desert, he would joy to do it for the bliss of pleasing her.

The morning was beautiful—fragrant, dew-gemmed, cool, still, almost solemn in its silent march from the black-tapestried chambers of night to the lighted courts of day. Frank's exuberance was checked, his springing merriment softened into a silent looking on while the miracle of morning was being evolved. Clouds, crested and massive, marched in battalions to the glistening gateway. Airy, feathery cloud-fragments swept the face of heaven in childlike trepidation as the golden glory seemed ready to break. The crown of the day-king lifted behind the forest-tops: the birds sang a trilling, tremulous song of welcome; and the faces of the hills were wreathed in smiles of light.

The miracle touched a chord in the young man's heart. This glory brought to his thought the glory of the Infinite; and then the love of the Infinite; and then that finite love through which we catch a glimpse of the other. And then Frank—

Ellie, leaning within his arm, said,

"I little thought of this joy when I asked you to meet me and see the morning."

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths." One—two—three—ten months sailed by, with only the little foam-naiads and the music-gurgle of rippling time at the prow. Frank must go West, fortune-hunting—money-making. It is the one stern necessity of the poor—the brave poor—which brings poetry and love from the clouds to perch upon rugged heath, and seek worms in the sand.

One—two—three long, lonely months, sparkling with loving letters. Four—five—Ellie is a little sad—very sad—tearful. The letters are not regular. They are less frequent. And worse, a million times worse than all, there is a strange chill in them. The same words are there, even the most endearing; but they have lost their life, and are dead words, corpses.

Ellie is brave, and holding back the tears she clasps her nature in the rigid grasp of will, to hold it against the sweep of such a storm as moans in the distance.

There are whispers of a brilliant, black-eyed beauty having cast her spell on Frank. Ellie knows that it is true, for she has felt it months. She makes no answer to his letters, and they come no more.

Friends do not see Ellie in tears. They do not see her sad. "How very brave!" they say. "She doesn't seem to care. She must be heartless," remark the gossipers over their tea and toast.

She is indeed brave; but not strong enough to hold her bravery always. The heart which is not allowed to beat its will beats faintly and more faintly. The strain upon the will makes the will tired and weak. Months, one—two—three—carry each a portion of her strength away; and with strength, life. A little more pale. A little more quiet. A little more tender and loving. Ellie can not lift as she used to. The breath comes heavy and fast in ascending the stairs to her room. The hands upon the pillow are more and more transparent; the fingers lighter. The cheek upon the pillow wears no lesser tint; but it and the lily white are softer, purer. The eyes upon the pillow are more full of light than ever. Ellie is very, very weak. She is not sick; but her life is sinking from her. And yet she holds her woman nature in that brave grasp—to the end.

No. A door opens, a strong tread reaches the bedside, and a face is buried in the pillow, while dark, heavy locks float among the silken ones.

There is a prayer for forgiveness. Freely, oh, how freely! granted; and then Ellie lets go her grasp, and weeps the tears of many months.

Frank is manly, and tells it all. Dazzled, fascinated, overmatched by a stronger spirit than his own, he yielded. The prize once won, he was miserable; and the prize itself became a blank in value. Cursed by conscience and the old returning love, he had told his enchantress all, and now had hurried home to beg of Ellie the one boon—forgiveness.

Too late to stay the tide of life. But when Ellie gave her last glance Frank was there, and saw in it a glance of true forgiveness.

Let the room be hushed when Frank goes in. Leave him alone with the beautiful dead, himself, and the Father of us all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

THE bids for the $10,000,000 Government loan—half of the sum authorized to be borrowed by the last Congress—were opened at the Treasury Department on Monday. The bonds bear five per cent. interest, and are redeemable in ten years. There were forty-six bidders for various amounts, the aggregate being half a million over the sum required. The premiums offered averaged about ¾ per cent.—a high price for a five per cent. stock at this season.

A DISUNION CONSPIRACY.

The *Times* correspondent writes from Washington as follows: "It is my painful duty to confirm, on undoubted authority, the statements which have gone abroad from this city implicating certain high officials in the most diabolical schemes of treason and disunion. The gentleman who revealed the plot is R. J. Lackey, Esq., late of the Treasury Department. He is a Virginian by birth, and son-in-law of Ex-Governor King of Missouri, and enjoys a reputation in this community for integrity and goodness of heart of which any man might be proud. He was dismissed from office a few weeks ago on the pretended ground that he had declared his preference for Lincoln over Breckinridge. This he denies, and the probabilities all go to sustain his denial, for he is not only a Southerner, but the owner of a large amount of slave property in Missouri.

"Mr. Lackey distinctly states that a high official in the Treasury Department communicated to him the plan of the Disunionists, of which he cordially approved. The plan, as stated, is for the Governors of the Southern States to convene their Legislatures by proclamation on the 8th day of November, or as soon thereafter as the election of Mr. Lincoln can be ascertained; that the Legislatures will proceed to declare the Union dissolved, and to pronounce in favor of Mr. Breckinridge as the President of the Southern Union."

ANOTHER SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

Advices from Washington Territory state that Colonel Casey, of the United States army, commanding troops there, has received orders from his superior officer to pay no more rents for the station back of Steilacoom. For several years the United States Government have been paying an annual rent of $600 to a British agricultural company, for the purpose of keeping troops within the boundaries of American soil.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A telegram dated Scranton, Pennsylvania, Thursday, October 25, says: "A horrible accident occurred at seven o'clock this morning at Port Griffith, between Pittston and Wilkesbarre, at the Pennsylvania Coal Company's Works. A car containing twelve miners started for the mine down a slope of 1500 feet, and when about half-way the rope broke, and the car was precipitated to the bottom. Eight men were instantly killed and two are not expected to live. The remainder were saved by jumping from the car."

A SNAKE SENT BY POST.

A colored woman in Chicago astonished the Post-office loungers a few days ago with a series of most agonizing shrieks and screams. She had just received a small package from Marion, and on opening it a green adder was revealed to her astonished gaze. The by-standers soon dispatched the reptile, and the woman showed them a letter which her husband had written, urging her to "kiss this dear little pet for me, and take it, and sleep with it for God's sake." He also informed her that he was going to get a bill of divorce as soon as possible. Jealousy was of course the origin of this domestic escapade.

A MUNIFICENT DONATION.

A communication has been received from Mr. N. Hatch, of Egremont, Massachusetts, by the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections proposing to present to the City of New York four hundred acres of land, situated in Ulster County, in this State, for the exclusive use and benefit of the children of the poor in New York who are thrown upon the city for support and protection. The benefit will be extended to such worthy and proper persons, of both sexes, as may be selected by the Commissioners. The property is to be placed in the hands of trustees, four of whom will be appointed by the Commissioners of Public Charities. The matter is under consideration.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake gave five shocks to the Springfield people. The *Republican* says: "The earthquake extended over all the northern part of New England and through Canada. At Boston and vicinity it seems to have been lighter than here; at Manchester, New Hampshire, about the same; while at Saco, Maine, there was a loud report, a perceptible rocking of buildings, with the ringing of bells. It grew in severity as it extended up the Connecticut Valley. We hear of it through Vermont, at Barton, St. Johnsbury, Northfield, Woodstock, Windsor, and Littleton. At Barton fastened doors were unlocked and the church bells rung by it; and at Northfield a church spire was shaken out of its propriety, and left standing obliquely. The Connecticut, Albany, and New York papers do not mention the phenomenon as observed in those places."

A BRUTAL MURDER.

On Thursday night of last week, about eleven o'clock, Martin Cuff, an Irishman in the employ of Messrs. S. and H. Sayles, of Dayville, was brutally murdered at Killingly Centre, by having his throat cut from ear to ear. The deed was committed at the house of James Cuff, a relative of the deceased.

It appeared that on the night in question Martin and James, with a small child, occupied a bed together in a room at some distance from that occupied by James Cuff's wife and children, who were the only occupants of the house. About 11½ o'clock James informed his wife that some one had entered the house and murdered Martin. She commenced screaming, but her husband ordered her to be quiet, and she remained in bed through fear, while he went out to obtain assistance. When the neighbors arrived the body was already stiff and cold.

In the morning a jury of inquest was impanneled, and continued in session during the day. James Cuff's statement was that he was awakened by the child, and on looking over saw that Martin had been murdered, and just caught a glimpse of a man going out of the door.

Upon being cross-questioned he gave a very unsatisfactory account of the affair. He did not know where his razor was, or whether the handle was black or white, and made many confused statements, which served to fasten suspicion upon himself. Finally, after a long examination, he confessed to being the murderer.

It appeared that he had some dispute with Martin on the previous day, and in the night he got up, and forcing Martin's head over the side of the bed, deliberately cut his throat with a razor, the blood falling in a pool upon the floor.

A LETTER FROM RALPH FARNHAM.

Ralph Farnham, the veteran of Bunker Hill, who has recently visited Boston, causes the following letter to be written to the papers of that city:

"ACTON, MAINE, *October* 23, 1860.

"I will give you a brief account of my journey home. When we arrived at Lawrence there was a large crowd at the dépôt. They requested me to hold my hat out of the window, which I did, when they showered the 'needful' into it as I never expected to see in my life; then, as the train moved on, we left them amidst such cheers as I shall never forget.

"At Dover, New Hampshire, I received a like reception, and the worthy Mayor very kindly attended me over to Great Falls and presented me with a $10 bill.

"At Great Falls I met with the same demonstration as at Lawrence and Dover, and the Ticket Master of the Great Falls Branch Railroad invited me to a dinner that I enjoyed very much.

"After leaving Great Falls I was received with hearty cheers all the way along, until I arrived at Acton. I told them, when I got home, that 'I had seen the elephant,' and was very glad to get back.

"I am in good health, and my friends think I am better than when I started on my journey. I am sure that I am as well.

"I am very grateful for the honor done me, by the invitation to visit Boston, and the many attentions which I received when there. I remember with special pleasure my visit to Bunker Hill, attended by the Charlestown city authorities, the military and music; also the addresses delivered on that occasion by the Mayor and Mr. Frothingham.

"I am also greatly indebted for the liberal sums of money and the many presents I received. My thanks, which is all I have to offer, seem but a poor return for so many favors. I ought especially to mention Mrs. W. Farnham Lee, and the company of Lancers, and Mayor Dana of Charlestown, and Mr. Gilmore's Concert Band, for their liberal presents.

"Though I am in my 105th year I am not past all usefulness: I split my own kindling-wood, and build my own fires. I am the first one up in the morning, and the first one in bed at night. I never sleep or lie down in the day time, but rise at five and retire at seven, and this I continue summer and winter. I have always been temperate, and for over thirty years past I have not tasted a drop of spirituous liquors, or even cider. I was never sick in my life, so as to require the attendance of a physician. About twenty-five years ago I broke my thigh by falling on the ice, and had a surgeon to set it; but this is the only time a doctor ever attended me. I live on plain farmers' diet, drink tea and coffee, and eat a very light supper, never eating meat after dinner. I have no doubt it was owing to these abstemious and regular habits, and the avoidance of medicine at all little ailments, that my life has been so prolonged. I voted for General Washington for President, and have voted at every Presidential election since, and hope to vote at the next election. This is the duty of every Christian freeman.

"This letter, which my grandson has written at my direction, I have carefully read and approved, and I sign it with my own hand. RALPH FARNHAM."

THE WASHINGTON PISTOL FOUND.

The Washington *Star* says that Thaddeus Hyatt, proceeding to North Elba for the purpose of distributing some money to the family of John Brown, was there waited on by many persons, one among whom spoke of a certain pistol in the possession of some member of the family. Inquiring into the matter, he became convinced that the weapon referred to was one of a pair once belonging to General Washington, which had been taken from Colonel Lewis Washington's house at the time of the Harper's Ferry affair. He spoke to the family concerning this relic, and went on his way to Kansas. When he returned from that part of the country to New York, he found at his residence a mysterious box, which had been awaiting him for some time, and which had excited no little apprehension lest it should turn out to be an infernal machine. The box was found to contain the pistol spoken of, and this has now been restored to its rightful owner.

THE DECISION IN THE HARTUNG CASE.

We read in the Albany *Journal* of October 13:

"Among the decisions just made by the Court of Appeals is one in the case of Mrs. Hartung, which turns upon the construction of the new law in relation to capital punishment.

"The Court holds that the statute of 1860, in its application to persons under conviction at the time of its passage is unconstitutional and void, as *ex post facto*, because it prescribes a different and increased punishment from that in force at the time when the offense was committed. To the punishment of death it superadds one year's imprisonment at hard labor.

"The Court also expressed the opinion that the new law, having abolished the only statute defining hanging as the mode of punishment, and itself prescribing no new mode, there is now no known sentence which can be pronounced against a person convicted of murder in the first degree. Though such persons are to be 'executed,' yet, whether it is to be by chloroform, or by poisoning, in the jail, or by burning at the stake in front of the Capitol, or by hanging, rests in the discretion of nobody knows who—perhaps the Governor, perhaps the Sheriff.

"The 'execution' is to take place whenever ordered by the Governor in office. If the Governor does not order it, it never takes place. The convict remains imprisoned for an indefinite term, liable at any moment to be ordered to instant execution in any way that caprice may dictate.

"There is a prevalent idea that, although the statutory provision is abolished, hanging remains the punishment by common law. But where the Legislature repeal a statute which was merely in affirmance of the common law, it can not be presumed that they intended to retain the very thing which they abolished.

"In the case of Mrs. Hartung the offense charged was at common law defined as 'petty treason,' and the punishment prescribed therefor was burning at the stake. It would scarcely answer to claim that the Legislature intended to revive the common law in respect to this class of cases.

"It may be urged that all murderers can, under the new law, be convicted of murder in the second degree, for which the punishment is imprisonment for life. But suppose the criminal, to evade this, pleads guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, how can any Court sentence him for a less offense than that of which he is, by his own confession on the record, guilty?

"The decision in the case of Mrs. Hartung by the Court of Appeals, it will be seen, also applies to the cases of Sanchez and another, now under sentence in the city of New York."

MEN'S FASHIONS.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* furnishes the following paragraph concerning hats and cravats:

"A word about men's fashions. The tendency, of late years, you know, has been toward the *outre* English style. The Prince's visit has done something to encourage this imitation of the Anglican modes, even to the extent of copying the abominable hats which every body in the Royal party wore, from the Prince downward. Such a collection of shocking bad hats was never seen, except on scarecrows in a corn-field. They all had wide brims, or else turned up awkwardly at the edges, and had a dull lustre, as if they had been extensively rained upon. The Duke's hat was eminently seedy, and no New Yorker with the slightest regard for his reputation would have been hired to wear it down Broadway. The Earl of St. Germans sported a still shabbier tile, of the bell-top pattern. Lord Lyons' castor had a decided appearance of having been sat on several times and then punched out into a rude resemblance of its original shape, which was a very bad one. The younger members of the party exhibited a slightly advanced taste in respect to their hats, but there was not one among the whole collection which an American hatter would have dared to send out of his store as a specimen of his own manufacture. Such ape-like mimics are many of our fashionable young fellows, however, that copies of these atrocious hats are already beginning to supplant the light, shining top-piece which it has hitherto been the pride of New York youth to wear. The turn-down collar and thickly-folded cravat, exhibited by the Prince and the juveniles of his party, are also beginning to be affected by the ready copyists on Broadway. The Prince has given the *coup de grace* to French male fashions among us. With this exception, there is nothing new in the Fall modes of this metropolis."

DEATH OF A VETERAN.

Another of the naval veterans of 1812 is dead. Commodore Charles M. Skinner, who had been nearly half a century in the Navy, died on Monday, at Richmond, Virginia. He entered the service as a midshipman in 1809, and performed altogether fourteen years and seven months sea-duty. He was on shore nineteen years and eleven months, and spent seventeen years unemployed. Few flag officers have done less squadron duty than Commodore Skinner. We believe he never commanded a fleet but one, when, in 1845, he relieved the gallant Commodore Perry on the African station. He was attached to the *Washington* (line-of-battle ship) in the Mediterranean during the battle of Waterloo, and subsequently was chief of the Bureau of Construction (in 1848); Commander of the Norfolk Navy Yard (in 1847), and Superintendent of the Ordnance Bureau. In private life the Commodore was much esteemed for his genial disposition and many amiable social qualities. Personally, he was of low stature, but of a commanding presence nevertheless. He was placed on the retired list in 1855.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.

A melancholy tragedy occurred in Chambers County, Florida, on the 28th, of which the *Opelikia Era* says: "It appears that a difficulty occurred between Captain Samuel Jeter and an elderly man named James Taylor—originating, probably, in an old grudge. In the course of the dispute, Taylor prostrated Captain Jeter with a stick, whereupon two of his (Taylor's) sons joined in the assault, and the three commenced cutting and stabbing the defenseless body of their victim. Mr. Richard C. Jeter, the only son of the Captain, rushed to his father's aid, and plunged a bowie-knife into the heart of the elder Taylor, causing his death instantly. Captain Jeter still survives, but it is thought the wounds inflicted by the Taylors will prove mortal. R. C. Jeter resides within one and a half miles of this place, and is one of the most respectable, wealthy, and intelligent of our community."

EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.

On Friday last Daniel Clifford was hung in the jail yard at Dubuque, Iowa, for murdering a man named Wood, whom he robbed of $27. Clifford was but twenty-two years of age, yet the murder was so unprovoked that hardly any sympathy has been manifested for him. He refused to eat any breakfast on the morning of his execution, and had to be supported while on the way to the gallows. Arrived there, he had to be lifted up the steps, and when kneeling in prayer with the priests, he kept constantly repeating, "O Lord, receive my soul!" "O Lord, receive my soul!" Although the body fell about seven feet when the rope was cut, the wretched man died from suffocation.

MR. PETER COOPER'S TROWSERS.

It is positively asserted in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, in an article on the ball to the Prince of Wales, that of that famous festival "the pantaloons of the venerable Peter Cooper were the most curious ornament. These ambitious pantaloons," adds the careful chronicler, "came up on the breast to the neighborhood of the cravat, and at each bow made by the obsequious millionaire the top button bloomed out in the opening of the vest, like a third eye opened wide in order the better to admire his Highness."

A MYSTERY AT SEA.

The following letter concerning the probable loss of the American ship *Oliver Putnam* appears in the Boston *Post:*

"CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES AT MAURITIUS, *September* 5, 1860.

"SIR,—I beg to communicate, for publication, the following statement:

"On the 19th day of August last there arrived at this Consulate, from the island of Bourbon or Reunion, seven men; viz., Charles O'Neil, Thomas Donnelly, Benjamin E. Ropes, William Hughes, John B. Jenkins, James Healy, and William Robinson, who stated that they were a portion of the crew of the American ship *Oliver Putnam*, of Newburyport, Ami Smith master, abandoned at sea, in a sinking condition, on the 26th day of July last past, in the longitude of 45° 55′ east, and latitude of 38° 2′ south. That they had been ordered into a boat for the purpose of taking some effects, instruments, etc., to the long-boat towing astern of the ship; then to return to the ship, and all hands to be divided between the two boats, and leave in company. On casting off from the ship to carry this plan into effect, these men in their boat became separated from the ship, and, owing to the high sea, could not reach her again for nearly twelve hours, when, the sea having gone down somewhat, they passed alongside of her, and hailed her, and signaled with lanterns, but got no reply. The ship appeared deserted, and the long-boat which they had left towing astern was gone. They therefore bore away for the coast of Madagascar, and after five days were picked up by the French brig *Celina*, and taken to the Island of Bourbon.

"No tidings of the captain, officers, and remaining crew have as yet reached me.

"I have recorded the statement of the men in detail, a copy of which can be furnished to any person interested.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GEO. H. FAIRFIELD, *U.S. Consul.*"

THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

The Harlem Railroad has never been managed with more energy than at present. It affords greatly increased facilities to its passengers, and is important to this city and the rich valleys of Westchester, Putnam, Duchess, and Columbia counties, through which it passes. Several extra trains have been put upon the road, and a number of new cars have been provided, fitted with every convenience for the comfort of passengers. The new baggage and mail cars with a "smoking-room," as well as all the express passenger cars, have the new patent attachments for keeping down the dust and deadening the noise of the wheels. There are two express trains to Albany daily—one leaving New York at seven in the morning, and another at five in the evening, arriving at Albany at noon and 10 P.M. The mail train leaves Twenty-sixth Street at 10 A.M. Connections are made by the express trains with the New York Central, and tickets are issued through to the principal places of the West, Northwest, and Southwest. These facilities and the late improvements of the line will doubtless increase the travel, and add greatly to the receipts of the road. Six fast trains are now running on the road daily.

PERSONAL.

The *Herald* says: "Lady Franklin is still among us, the honored guest of one of our princely merchants, distinguished alike for his sympathy and his munificence. It is a little more than two months since she arrived from England, the special object of her visit being to pour out her sincere and unaffected thanks for the sympathy expressed on her behalf, and the disinterested private enterprise which fitted out two separate expeditions for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of her husband. She has traveled in some of the Western States and over the British provinces, and is again in the city of New York. While her revered companion was sleeping, unknown to her, in his icy sepulchre, the genial influence of hope seemed like a beautiful aurora streaming from the black horizon in the Arctic winter of her sadness; and though the snows of thirteen seasons have covered his remains, the radiant influence of affection and goodness amidst all her sorrows, have left the genial impression on her countenance. She was greatly gratified by a visit to the institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in company with her niece and a few intimate friends. When she suggested autumn as a subject for some of the pupils to write brief compositions upon, they did not forget to speak in glowing terms of the magnificent appearance of the foliage on the trees the present season; and the subject seemed in beautiful harmony with Lady Franklin herself, whose sixty seasons now find her in the rich autumn of her existence. In some of the compositions allusions were made to her husband. This unsealed the fountains of tenderness in her heart, and she was touched by the circumstance. Lady Franklin will soon leave New York to proceed to California, which it is expected she may make her future residence."

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "The distinguished Southern statesman whom I alluded to as about to accept the Department of State under Lincoln is understood to be William C. Rives, of Virginia; and rumor adds that John M. Reed, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Pettigrew, of South Carolina, will become members of the Cabinet."

Captain Charles Henry Arnaud de Reviere, whose adventures in this city some months since excited so much interest, is said to be attached to Lamoriciere's army, or rather to what there is now left of it.

A pleasant incident of the ball given to the Prince by the Bostonians was the interview between his Royal Highness and Miss Hosmer the sculptress. As Miss Hosmer, in company with Mr. Everett, approached the Prince for presentation, the latter turned, and recognizing her at once, anticipated an introduction by greeting her warmly and expressing his great pleasure at meeting her again. He said that little "Puck" (ordered by him some time since) now adorned his rooms at Oxford, and still called forth the admiration of all who view it. After a pleasant chat, Miss Hosmer promenaded with Lord Lyons.

Mr. John W. Grist, of Washington, District of Columbia, a most estimable gentleman, was assaulted and killed last week by two brothers named George A. and Charles H. Latham. The affair had its origin in politics. The two brothers drew their revolvers on Mr. Grist in the open street, followed him, and fired. Grist also drew his weapon and returned the fire. Fifteen shots were fired. Grist was wounded in several places. Several people on the street were struck. Grist received a mortal wound in the abdomen, the ball passing entirely through him.

The Countess of St. Germans, wife of the Earl of St. Germans, attached to the suite of the Prince of Wales, is a grand-daughter of the Marquis Cornwallis who commanded the British troops at Yorktown.

Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt has just returned to England from a visit of some weeks to her native city of Stockholm, where she was cordially received by her friends, from whom she had been absent for some years. Her successor upon the musical stage of Sweden, Louise Michal, whom the Swedish critics agree in considering little if any inferior, has lately been married to her cousin, and, in imitation of her predecessor, now signs her name Louise Michal-Michaeli.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says: "The accomplished Miss Mattie Taylor, daughter of Colonel Taylor, of Covington, Kentucky, and a relative of the late President Taylor, has received from the Prince of Wales a diamond brooch, surmounted by his crest, as a souvenir of the pleasure her company afforded him in dancing with his Royal Highness at the late Cincinnati Ball."

High respectability does strange things in Maine. A Portland paper says that "a highly respectable young lady" of that city made a sportive wager that she would carry a dozen brooms through the streets lying between the shop of the donor and her own residence. The offer was accepted, and on Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, she shouldered the useful implements and performed her share of the contract. The editor says "she presented a very pretty appearance."

Mr. J. W. Forney was burned in effigy, on last Friday evening, at Reading, Pennsylvania, by some juvenile Democrats who feigned intense indignation at the course which he took in the late State election. He was represented by a figure of straw, holding in its hand a copy of the *Press*.

Rev. H. Grattan Guinness is expected to arrive at Boston by the *Europa* about the 1st of November. He will commence his labors there as an Evangelist, and then will make a tour through the States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A SAD SUICIDE.

THE son of Mr. Bradbury, of the eminent firm of Bradbury & Evans, of London, printers and proprietors of *Punch* and other well-known publications, has recently committed suicide in a remarkable manner. He went to Cremorne Gardens, and spent the evening in the amusements of that celebrated place. Toward the close of the entertainment he procured silver for a ten-pound note, and, going to the front of the dancing-platform, scattered it among the crowd. He then called for a glass of grog, and, having emptied into it a phial of prussic acid, made a speech, proposed the health of the company, drank off his glass, and, alas! fell dead in the midst of that scene of wild riot and confusion. He was a young man of great ability and promise, and was very recently presented with a gold watch by the Emperor of the French in acknowledgment of the value of an improvement he had made in printing.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

At a village near Ballymena, Ireland, a man by mistake delivered a paper containing the following, instead of an order for goods: "I do swear, in the presence of my holy brethren, by the Holy Cross of St. Peter, and by the Blessed Lady Mary, that I will maintain the holy religion, and exterminate all heretics, as they are called by our Holy Father the Pope, at two hours' warning. * * * P. G. M." A similar document was found one night in the pocket of an unclaimed vest lost during a riot.

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

At latest dates there was a lull in the civil war in Italy. No new movement is reported from either Naples or the Papal States. The Sardinian troops, however, to the number of twenty thousand, under General Cialdini, had received orders to enter the Neapolitan territory; and we may therefore shortly expect news of some decisive event. The French army at Rome was to be increased to sixty thousand men.

Rumors had for some time been current that Capua had surrendered, and that the bombardment of the town was progressing, but neither had been confirmed. The line of the Volturno was still strongly protected, and it was said the Neapolitans were prepared to defend their positions. Some Sardinian troops assisted the Garibaldians in the battle. Garibaldi had called on the King of Sardinia to go to Naples, and to send him fourteen thousand men immediately. The Piedmontese troops had entered the Neapolitan territory. It was reported that three of the great Powers had protested against the entry of the Sardinians into Naples. Mazzini had quitted Naples by request of the Pro-Dictator. Advices from the Papal States indicate no change in the state of affairs there. The Pope remained at Rome. General Lamoricière had returned to France. The French had occupied numerous places near Rome. It was reported that a third division will be sent from France to Rome.

THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO.

We have details of the battle of Volturno. The Neapolitans, estimated at 30,000 strong, attacked the Garibaldians on the 1st, under cover of a thick mist, and carried some positions, and for a time succeeded in driving back the Garibaldians, whose numbers did not reach half theirs. Garibaldi went forward, revolver in hand, cheering on his men, and after a desperate fight of eight hours' duration the Neapolitans were broken and routed, and were pursued close under the walls of Capua. A brigade of Germans was cut off from the main body of the Neapolitan army and driven to the mountains. The Garibaldians took five thousand prisoners, and it was estimated that the Neapolitans had three thousand killed and wounded. The loss of the Garibaldians was stated at between twelve hundred and two thousand men. The royalists subsequently made a sortie from Capua, to the rescue of the German Brigade, but were repulsed. The King of Naples and his brothers were present at the battle.

HONORABLE GALLEY-SLAVES.

A letter from Naples in the *Constitutionnel* says that the 1500 galley-slaves in the bagnio of Castellamare, profiting by the absence of all military force, demanded to be allowed their liberty during the daytime. Their guardians would fain have refused, but they were few and the convicts many. All they could do was to obtain from them their word of honor that they would come back to their cage at nightfall. The prisoners gave the required pledge, and went forth to take the air. Incredible it certainly seems, but the letter declares that they not only kept their word, but did no mischief while out of bounds. A neighboring proprietor having misgivings as to the probity of these gentlemen, ordered his servant to keep the gates shut and a bright look-out. The servant was astonished. His answer was characteristic: "Why, Sir," he exclaimed, "what need of such precautions? The Castellamare galley-slaves are all assassins, not robbers."

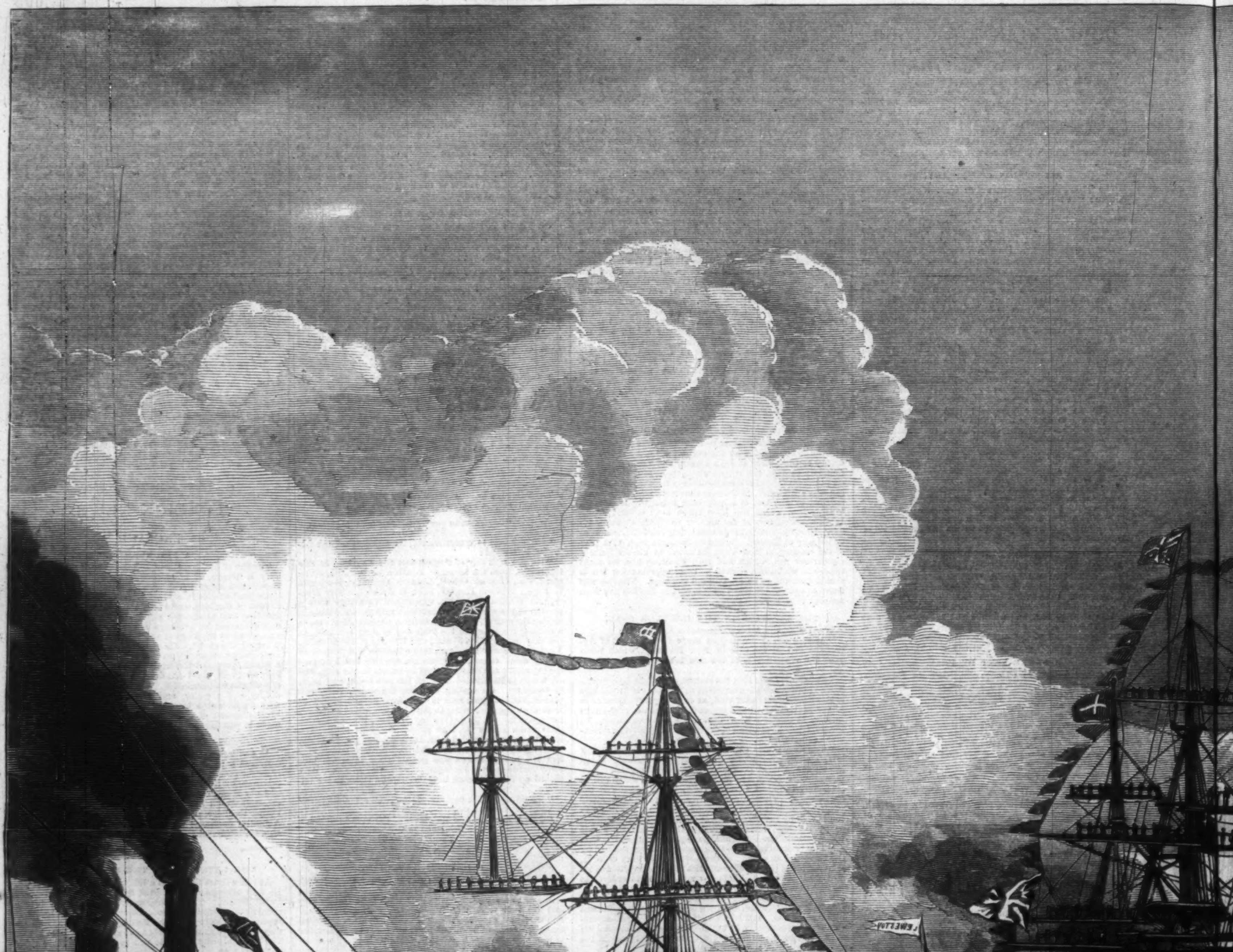
A DAUGHTER OF GARIBALDI.

A serenade having been offered, a few nights ago, at Genoa to the daughter of Garibaldi, she addressed the crowd in the following terms: "Brethren! I thank you for your manifestation in favor of the brave men who are fighting for the unity of Italy: Then long live Italy! long live those brave men! and the *Re Galantuomo!*"

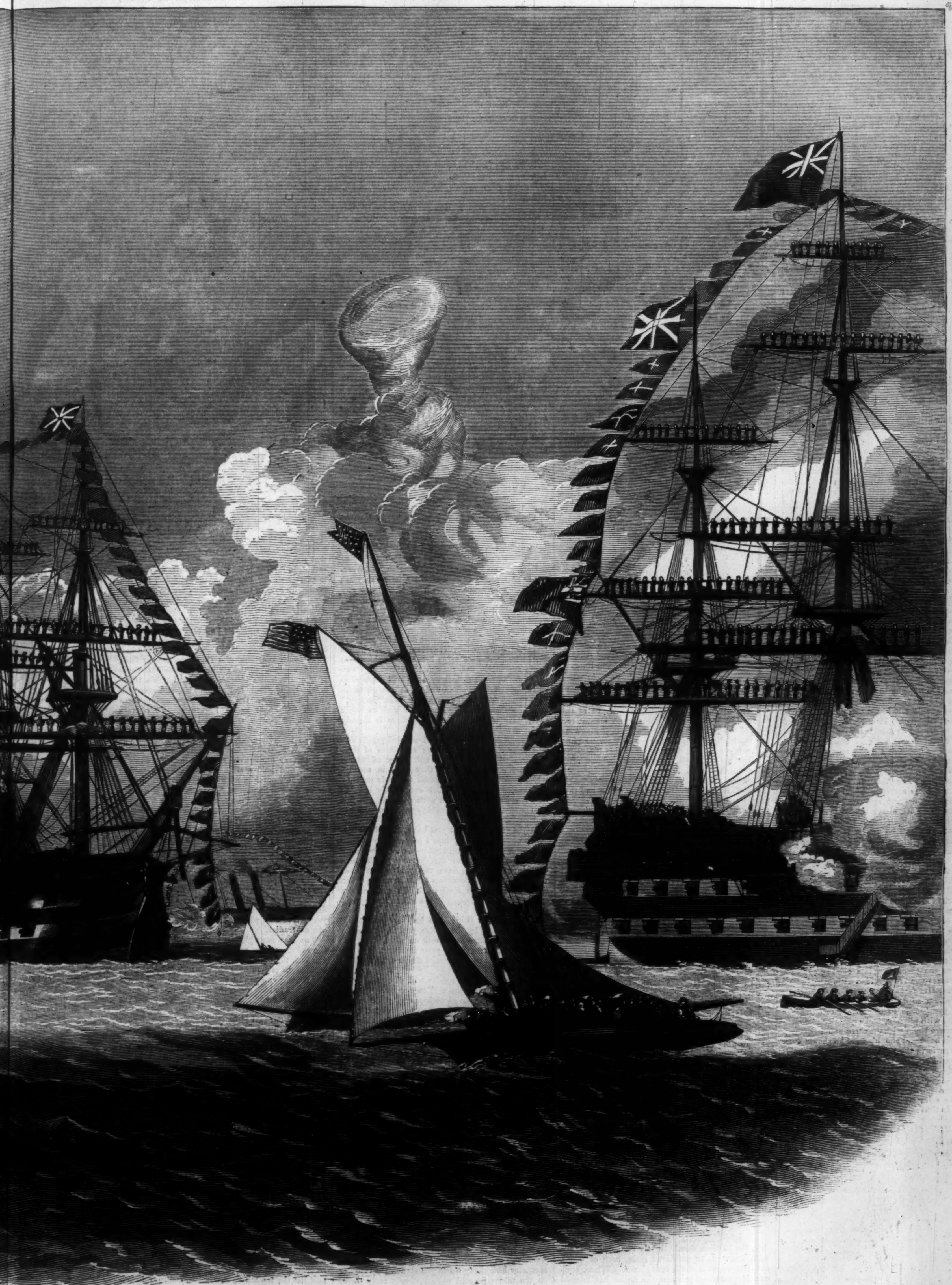
SYRIA.

MORE MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS.

It is stated that, since the departure of Fuad Pasha from Syria, the Mussulmen had recommenced their massacres, and killed twenty Christians. The Mussulmen were furious against the Christians, and had threatened the life of the Russian Consul.



EMBARKATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PORTLAND, MAIN



AINE, ON OCTOBER 20, 1860.—Drawn by C. Parsons, Esq.—[See Page 689.]

SPIRIT-RAPPING MADE EASY;

OR,

HOW TO COME OUT AS A MEDIUM.

BY ONE WHO IS IN THE SECRET.

THE writer of the present paper is induced to proffer his explanation of the phenomena produced by the so-called Spirit Mediums, from two or three circumstances peculiar to his own experience. He is disposed to look at the performances of the Spirit Mediums from a point of view somewhat different from that of their ordinary audience. In fact, he considers them as professional imitators, and would even regard them as professional associates, if they had but the honesty to acknowledge their craft. It is his inclination, under any circumstances, to watch them very closely; and, though he can not allow their title to the rank of honest conjurors, he is interested in observing the means by which they produce their little results. So satisfied is he that his inferences are, in the main, correct, that after he has stated them, he is disposed to withhold his name, for the simple reason that, if it were known, he believes there would be no more spirit manifestations in his presence ever after. It would be just as impossible for him, as it proved for Robert Houdin, on a certain well-known occasion, to communicate with the capricious spirits through the ordinarily successful medium Mr. Home. To make a free observation of the spirit world it will be found that we require an incognito; for the spirits are shy, the spirits are fastidious, the spirits are averse to every overture, if it comes from a suspected, because suspicious, inquirer. The spirits would not shake hands with me, for the spirits have no professional *esprit de corps*; and therefore it is that professional vigilance is not only alive to the mode of their manifestations, but takes an interest in drawing out these retiring shadows, and exhibiting their real pretensions to the public.

Another circumstance which induces me to take them by the hand was an incident in which I myself participated; I might say with whom, and when, and where; but that I have no inclination, as I said before, to exclude myself forever from the spirit circle. It happened that I was present at a certain exhibition of two of the most popular Mediums of the day, and, after watching intently their whole performance, I ascertained the agencies by which it was accomplished. At all events, I was enabled at a subsequent performance to detect the spirits in a very palpable trick, resulting in their exposure and discomfiture (see Figure 10), and having since experimented, I can now perform all that they then exhibited to sight, hearing, or touch. I am confident I could tell, with a little further trouble, the means by which Mr. Home astonished the writer of a recent article in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

As a preliminary I have to make this general remark, that the means by which the "sperrits" usually manifest themselves are far more simple than readers anticipate. When a witness experiences any thing he can not account for, it is natural that he should refer this to some elaborate machinery adequate to what he considers the startling result. Let the reader, however, discard this impression at once, for it has a certain tendency to mislead his judgment. It is really the object of Mediums to depend on machinery as little as possible, for machinery is not only unintelligent, it may not only fumble and make mistakes, but it precludes that triumph of a Medium's art, the submitting to the preliminary or subsequent test of an examination. The "lazy tongs," as they are termed, are far less serviceable and less frequently used than the natural aptitudes of the human body, when these are above the natural average, or are developed by discipline and education.

The first requisite, no doubt, is an impassive countenance, exhibiting no sense of shame, or fear of detection—a natural, or acquired brass, the perfection of which will depend, of course, upon the morale of the performer.

After this, the secret of the Medium's power is the flexibility of her lower limbs. Her legs must do the work of arms, and her feet must be educated to act like hands. Any one who doubts this potentiality of the human frame knows nothing of its relation to the Quadrumana, or of the feats of the Indian jugglers. The Indian jugglers, as is known to the initiated, produce their most extraordinary effects by this very capacity. And, therefore, we say it is no use to contemplate coming out as a Medium unless you are provided with flexible legs and manipulative feet and toes.

The Medium so qualified must go through a course of gymnastics to enable her to move her lower limbs with pliancy, and especially to enable her so to move them without corresponding movements of the head and shoulders. She should even be able to perform the opera-dancer's feat of holding her hand above her head, and kicking the palm with her toe, as exhibited in the vignette to the popular "Memoirs of Mademoiselle Rigolboche;" which practice will enable her when standing on one foot to raise her knee nearly as high as her shoulder, as thus:

FIGURE 1.

The tendons of the knee, foot, and ankle, should next be strengthened by accustoming her, when seated on a chair, to raise great weights with her foot; the leg acting as a lever, the other knee, over which it is crossed, acting as a fulcrum, thus:

FIGURE 2.

The feet from the ankle must be rendered peculiarly flexible, and able, in conjunction with each other, by placing the sole of one over the top of the other, to hold and snatch away with rapidity heavy and light articles, such as slates, books, etc.

FIGURE 3.

Acting in a similar manner, they must be accustomed to seize and nip substances between their sides, so that apparel can be pulled and pinches inflicted with the sharp edges of the two soles of the boots.

The feet must also be practiced to clasp objects between their upper surfaces, by crossing the legs, so that, the soles of the boots not being felt, they may produce the sensation of a grasp by a hand.

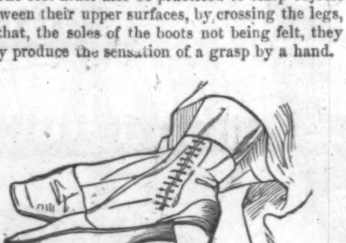


FIGURE 4.

I would recommend to the observant, a remarkable phenomenon which I myself perceived to be the consequence either of this facility or of the friction consequent upon other operations at the base of the table; viz., that the boots of Mediums are unusually *worn in the upper leathers*. I must add my conviction, however, that this indication of their activity will be carefully repaired after this communication.

The toes should also be exercised so as to enable the Medium to rap with them as easily as other people can rap with the fingers, on which accomplishment it may be as well to consult "Fox's Confessions" in Professor Anderson's work on "Spirit-rapping."

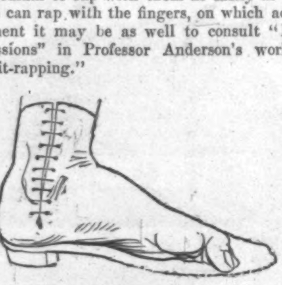


FIGURE 5.

Section showing the Position of the Foot in the Boot.

The Medium must also practice writing with her feet by holding a lead or slate pencil between them. This can be easily done up to a certain point, though not to the perfection attained by the accomplished Miss Biffin. Such perfection in this really difficult operation is, however, unnecessary, as any kind of scribbling will pass for spiritual handiwork.

For the manipulation with the hands very little practice is required, except in the production of surface raps, or rather the sounds which so nearly resemble them. These can be produced (I am stating a fact) by pressing the tip of the middle finger firmly on the polished surface of the table, and letting it start forward in short unobtrusive jerks. (Figure 6.) If her hand be not naturally

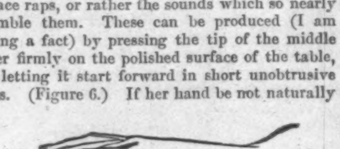


FIGURE 6.

dry, the Medium should lightly rub the finger-tips with beeswax, or powdered resin, both of which are imperceptible at the first glance. When, however, by constant practice, the finger has become corned, this addition will not be found requisite.

If the Medium thinks that the corn on her finger may tell tales, she may make the spirits rap by another method; that is to say, by using the surface of the nail of the first finger doubled sharply under it, and pressed heavily, at the same time that it is worked backward and forward, thus.

FIGURE 7.

(Figure 7.) In either case she must not hold her hands apart, but close together; one slightly covering the other to hide the movement, as in Figure 8.

FIGURE 8.

To get up an effective séance, the Medium should procure an assistant to engage the attention of the sitters while she manipulates.

Great care must be taken to preserve a natural manner, yet the Medium must never be off her guard, and never make a slip. She must never admit that any of the phenomena emanate from herself, but continually protest that she has no hand in the matter.

Whenever she is asked if she can do any thing, she must carefully and invariably reply in the negative.

She must never give a promise that any thing will positively take place, but say the phenomena are influenced by the weather, or a thousand other causes. This will assist her, should she be enabled to detect the presence of any whose penetration she fears may be too much for her. Thus, as I stated, when Robert Houdin was summoned before the Emperor of the French to see Mr. Home no manifestation took place.

After these preliminary remarks, let me instruct the Medium

HOW TO CONDUCT HERSELF PROPERLY IN A SEANCE.

Get your company into conversation, endeavoring to glean from their remarks whether they are penetrative or quite the reverse; treasure up any stray piece of information that may reach you, and use it up in the course of the evening; but your principal work must be that of drawing the long bow.

You and your assistant must relate the most extraordinary narratives conceivable. Small fibs are useless. A lie obtains credence in proportion to its enormity; for, though the statements you make are difficult to believe, it is still more difficult to conceive a woman audacious enough to invent them. Accept it as an axiom, that "society," as it is called, is highly credulous, and, as Locke says, "He who is disposed to believe is already half convinced."

You will find plenty of weak-minded people who will help you out by relating anecdotes of their own self-deceptions which will carry additional weight from the position they hold in society, while nothing will be deducted for their want of penetration; a faculty which every body believes he possesses, but to which none can attain in perfection without a considerable amount of patience and study.

When you judge that you have worked the majority of your company into a proper state of mental perplexity, seat yourselves at a large round table (pretty nearly four feet diameter, with a centre column and three feet), the specific gravity of which is small in proportion to its immense leverage. Whip off the cloth; ask if there are any spirits present, and reply in the affirmative by surface rubs.

Having stated yourself to be *en rapport* to all questions asked by the sitters you reply also by surface-rubs—three indicating an affirmative, one negative, and two, when your information is imperfect, or your nail or corned finger fails to bring out the sound.

Now state that the spirits will dictate the particular place each person is to occupy. Rap accordingly, placing the suspicious ones at a distance, and the sympathetic close to you, and tell them all *to place their hands on the table;* for this you have a double reason, first to give a mysterious aspect to the séance, and last, though not least, to keep their hands out of mischief.

During the séance you need not confine yourself to the particular knocks already described, you may give others with the sharp edge of the sole of your boot against the foot, or kicks straight up against the bottom of the table. Any mysterious noise that you can succeed in making—by creaking the leather of your boot against the wood—will pass for a rap. When your audience is pretty far gone, you may trust to chance inspirations.

By making the raps louder or fainter, they will appear to come from different parts of the room, provided you have first indicated the quarter from whence they are to be expected.

This is difficult to believe, but you or the pensive reader may be easily convinced by the following experiment: Place a glass tumber and a shilling on the table, having another tumbler and a shilling concealed in your lap; hold the shilling between the thumb and finger, make three feints at the one in view, and three corresponding *bona fide* blows on the concealed tumbler; then ask the spectator how many times you struck the tumbler on the table; he will unhesitatingly reply three, and will refuse to believe you when you state that you did not strike it even once. This is simply a type of an infinite series of similar deceptions.

FIGURE 9.

When you wish to answer questions with any degree of certainty, if you have not obtained private information, place an alphabet before the dupe, and tell him to point to the letters or repeat them aloud; you will easily, by acute observation, be enabled to detect a slight anxiety in tone or manner when the right letter is reached, and then rap accordingly.

Let us suppose that an individual requires the presence of his brother Charles's spirit, the inquiry will proceed as follows:

Q. Are any o my relations present?
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. Female?—(calmly).
A. Rub.
Q. Male?—(anxiously).
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. Will you spell your name?
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. A, B, C?—(interrogatively).
A. Rub, rub, rub.
Q. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H?—(pauses).
A. Rub, rub, rub.

And so on until you have made him spell the entire name, to which in most cases he will assist you, though a choice of names written out is infinitely less tedious.

A wary person may, however, easily frustrate this process by running through the alphabet, and studiously avoiding all emphasis, or by designedly emphasizing, which is worse, the wrong letter, so that you find you are compounding utter nonsense—that, in fact, he is leading the spirits by the nose to a brick wall. Of course you get out of this difficulty by saying that the spirits are uncertain or capricious, or that, for the sake of mere fun, they willfully perplex you.

As soon as the spirits decline to rap correctly, or earlier, if you please, you may suggest to the company that they may even be touched by spirit hands. To indicate their power, place a hand-bell underneath the table and ring it with your feet; then commence (by the methods already described) pulling the ladies' dresses and gentlemen's trowsers, pinching their feet and ankles, and even lifting their legs off the ground, by clasping them round the ankle as in Figure 4. To operate upon each person with equal facility, frequent change of place will be necessary, and as it would not do for you to leave your seat, you rap out C, H, A, N, G, E, when this is desirable.

You may next invite a person to throw down a pencil, and hold a slate underneath the table; snatch it from him with your two feet, in the mode shown in Figure 3, and deposit it on the floor, feel about for the pencil with your feet, pick it up, and commence scratching on the slate to the best of your ability, relying on the sound to affect the company, while they are in a state of absurd suspense. If the writing be illegible, as it is nearly sure to be, say that it is very bad to-night, but that, on other evenings, the spirit autographs were remarkably clear, in proof of which you will exhibit some specimens written by hand and kept for the purpose. You can even assert that communications are frequently made in the handwritings of different members of the company, and so avail yourself of a fib which none of the present company can contradict.

You may next place a Bible under the table for the spirits to turn over the leaves; of course you can kick them over with your feet, or as the book, on account of its thickness, refuses to keep open in one place, you can put your foot aside, and invite the sitters to look under the table and see the leaves turning over without your assistance. When the company have resumed their original positions you may slip your right foot under one leaf, place your left *firmly* on the page, and lifting the toe of your right boot, turn up the corner and tread it sharply down; then shut the book with your foot, lift it with both feet, thrust it into your neighbor's lap, and rap out that he is to open it. He will of course find the leaf turned down, and will be cudgeling his brains to find an application of the particular text. While he or others are thus occupied, you may, if the opportunity present itself, seize a man's foot under the table and bend it backward and forward; but should previously satisfy yourself (this is very material) that he has on leather, and not *dress boots with silk tops*, or he will be enabled to detect, with painful certainty, that he is seized not by a single hand, but by a pair of feet encased in women's boots, and those boots without a doubt yours. After this he will cease to wonder at the sharp pinches inflicted on his ankles, or the facility with which you snatch articles from people's hands under the table.

You may now proceed to your crowning experiment, which consists in making the table rise clear off the ground, still maintaining its upright position. As a preliminary, you make it go through some extraordinary evolutions by alternately pressing and pushing the top with your hands, contrary to Michael Faraday's theory, by *voluntary*, and not involuntary muscular action. You then allow the agitated table a little respite while you cross the

right leg over the left knee, and insert the end of your right foot under the base which supports the column; maintain the pressure of your hands as you straighten your leg, and the table will rise perpendicularly about two feet from the ground.

Before, however, attempting this astounding feat, care should be taken that no wary person is sitting within reach, or he may dash out his foot, as a friend of mine did, and catch yours under the ankle, pinning you to the table with your leg in the air, as in the illustration below, a position from which you will find great difficulty in extricating yourself, without bringing the séance to an ignominious termination.

FIGURE 10.

You will probably be asked if the spirits will rap when your feet are in full view; of course you will answer in the affirmative, though knowing well they will not, unless you can get some one to hammer in an adjoining room. In this case you should take away the hammer when you leave, especially if it does not belong to the house, and should not leave it to tell your secret, as it did in the case I refer to.

You should also avoid the experiment of making an old piano-forte, with open lattice-work, play when closed, in the presence of similar wary people, or they will surely walk up to it and tap on the wires through the very same holes, producing similar results.

The foregoing suggestions are an exact transcript of the deceptions practiced by two well-known London Mediums in the presence of the writer, whose name, together with those of the gentlemen who were present at the exposure, the editor is empowered to publish should he think proper.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE rising of the Italian people from under their unutterable wrongs, and the tardy burst of day upon them after the long, long night of oppression that has darkened their beautiful country, has naturally caused my mind to dwell often of late on my own small wanderings in Italy. Connected with them is a curious little drama, in which the character I myself sustained was so very subordinate, that I may relate its story without any fear of being suspected of self-display. It is strictly a true story.

I am newly arrived, one summer evening, in a certain small town on the Mediterranean. Before I left England, there came to me one night a certain generous and gentle English nobleman (he is dead in these days when I relate the story, and exiles have lost their best British friend) with this request: "Whenever you come to such a town, will you seek out one Giovanni Carlavero, who keeps a little wine-shop there, mention my name to him suddenly, and observe how it affects him?" I accepted the trust, and am on my way to discharge it.

The sirocco has been blowing all day, and it is a hot, unwholesome evening with no cool sea-breeze. Mosquitoes and fire-flies are lively enough, but most other creatures are faint. The coquettish airs of pretty young women, in the tiniest and wickedest of dolls' straw-hats, who lean out at opened lattice blinds, are almost the only airs stirring. Very ugly and haggard old women with distaffs, and with a gray tow upon them that looks as if they were spinning out their own hair (I suppose they were once pretty, too, but it is very difficult to believe so), sit on the footway, leaning against house walls. Every body who has come for water to the fountain stays there, and seems incapable of any such energetic idea as going home.

I keep straight on, and come in due time to the first on the right: a narrow, dull street, where I see a well-favored man of good stature and military bearing, in a great cloak, standing at a door. Drawing nearer to this threshold, I see it is the threshold of a small wine-shop; and I can just make out, in the dim light, the inscription that it is kept by Giovanni Carlavero.

I touch my hat to the figure in the cloak, and pass in, and draw a stool to a little table. The lamp (just such another as they dig out of Pompeii) is lighted, but the place is empty. The figure in the cloak has followed me in, and stands before me.

"The master?"

"At your service, Sir."

"Please to give me a glass of the wine of the country."

He turns to a little counter to get it. As his striking face is pale, and his action is evidently that of an enfeebled man, I remark that I fear he has been ill. It is not much, he courteously and gravely answers, though bad while it lasts—the fever.

As he sets the wine on the little table, to his manifest surprise I lay my hand on the back of his, look him in the face, and say, in a low voice: "I am an Englishman, and you are acquainted with a friend of mine. Do you recollect ——?" and I mention the name of my generous countryman.

Instantly he utters a loud cry, bursts into tears, and falls on his knees at my feet, clasping my legs in both his arms, and bowing his head to the ground.

Some years ago this man at my feet, whose overfraught heart is heaving as if it would burst from his breast, and whose tears are wet upon the dress I wear, was a galley-slave in the North of Italy. He was a political offender, having been concerned in the then last rising, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. That he would have died in his chains is certain, but for the circumstance that the Englishman happened to visit his prison.

It was one of the vile old prisons of Italy, and a part of it was below the waters of the harbor. The place of his confinement was an arched underground and under-water gallery, with a grill-gate at the entrance, through which it received such light and air as it got. Its condition was insufferably foul, and a stranger could hardly breathe in it, or see in it with the aid of a torch. At the upper end of this dungeon, and consequently in the worst position, as being the furthest removed from light and air, the Englishman first beheld him, sitting on an iron bedstead to which he was chained by a heavy chain. His countenance impressed the Englishman as having nothing in common with the faces of the malefactors with whom he was associated, and he talked with him, and learned how he came to be there.

When the Englishman emerged from the dreadful den into the light of day, he asked his conductor, the governor of the [illegible], why Giovanni Carlavero was put into the worst place?

"Because he is particularly recommended," was the stringent answer.

"Recommended, that is to say, for death?"

"Excuse me; particularly recommended," was again the answer.

"He has a bad tumor in his neck, no doubt occasioned by the hardship of his miserable life. If it continues to be neglected, and he remains where he is, it will kill him."

"Excuse me, I can do nothing. He is particularly recommended."

The Englishman was staying in that town, and he went to his home there; but the figure of this man chained to the bedstead made it no home, and destroyed his rest and peace. He was an Englishman of an extraordinarily tender heart, and he could not bear the picture. He went back to the prison grate: went back again and again, and talked to the man and cheered him. He used his utmost influence to get the man unchained from the bedstead, were it only for ever so short a time in the day, and permitted to come to the grate. It took a long time, but the Englishman's station, personal character, and steadiness of purpose wore out opposition so far, and that grace was at last accorded. Through the bars, when he could thus get light upon the tumor, the Englishman lanced it, and it did well, and healed. His strong interest in the prisoner had greatly increased by this time, and he formed the desperate resolution that he would exert his utmost self-devotion and use his utmost efforts to get Carlavero pardoned.

If the prisoner had been a brigand and a murderer, if he had committed every non-political crime in the Newgate Calendar and out of it, nothing would have been easier than for a man of any court or priestly influence to obtain his release. As it was, nothing could have been more difficult. Italian authorities, and English authorities who had interest with them, alike assured the Englishman that his object was hopeless. He met with nothing but evasion, refusal, and ridicule. His political prisoner became a joke in the place. It was especially observable that English Circumlocution and English Society on its travels were as humorous on the subject as Circumlocution and Society may be on any subject without loss of caste. But the Englishman possessed (and proved it well in his life) a courage very uncommon among us: he had not the least fear of being considered a bore in a good, humane cause. So he went on persistently trying, and trying, and trying, to get Giovanni Carlavero out. That prisoner had been rigorously rechained, after the tumor operation, and it was not likely that his miserable life could last very long.

One day, when all the town knew about the Englishman and his political prisoner, there came to the Englishman a certain sprightly Italian Advocate of whom he had some knowledge; and he made this strange proposal: "Give me a hundred pounds to obtain Carlavero's release. I think I can get him a pardon with that money. But I can not tell you what I am going to do with the money, nor must you ever ask me the question if I succeed, nor must you ever ask me for an account of the money if I fail." The Englishman decided to hazard the hundred pounds. He did so, and heard not another word of the matter. For half a year and more the Advocate made no sign, and never once "took on" in any way, to have the subject on his mind. The Englishman was then obliged to change his residence to another and more famous town in the North of Italy. He parted from the poor prisoner with a sorrowful heart, as from a doomed man for whom there was no release but Death.

The Englishman lived in his new place of abode another half-year and more, and had no tidings of the wretched prisoner. At length, one day he received from the Advocate a cool, concise, mysterious note, to this effect: "If you still wish to bestow that benefit upon the man in whom you were once interested, send me fifty pounds more, and I think it can be insured." Now the Englishman had long settled in his mind that the Advocate was a heartless sharper, who had preyed upon his credulity and his interest in an unfortunate sufferer. So he sat down and wrote a dry answer, giving the Advocate to understand that he was wiser now than he had been formerly, and that no more money was extractable from his pocket.

He lived outside the city gates, some mile or two from the post-office, and was accustomed to walk into the city with his letters and post them himself. On a lovely spring day, when the sky was exquisitely blue, and the sea divinely beautiful, he took his usual walk, carrying the letter to the Advocate in his pocket. As he went along his gentle heart was much moved by the loveliness of the prospect, and by the thought of the slowly-dying prisoner chained to the bedstead, for whom the universe had no delights. As he drew nearer and nearer to the city where he was to post the letter he became very uneasy in his mind. He debated with himself, was it remotely possible, after all, that this sum of fifty pounds could restore the fellow-creature whom he pitied so much, and for whom he had striven so hard, to liberty? He was not a conventionally rich Englishman—very far from that—but he had a spare fifty pounds at the banker's. He resolved to risk it. Without doubt God has recompensed him for the resolution.

He went to the banker's and got a bill for the amount, and inclosed it in a letter to the Advocate that I wish I could have seen. He simply told the Advocate that he was quite a poor man, and that he was sensible it might be a great weakness in him to part with so much money on the faith of so vague a communication; but that there it was, and that he prayed the Advocate to make a good use of it. If he did otherwise, no good could ever come of it, and it would lie heavy on his soul one day.

Within a week, the Englishman was sitting at his breakfast, when he heard some suppressed sounds of agitation on the staircase, and Giovanni Carlavero leaped into his room and fell upon his breast, a free man!

Conscious of having wronged the Advocate in his own thoughts, the Englishman wrote him an earnest and grateful letter, avowing the fact, and entreating him to confide by what means, and through what agency, he had succeeded so well. The Advocate returned for answer through the post: "There are many things, as you know, in this Italy of ours, that are safest and best not even spoken of—far less written of. We may meet some day, and then I may tell you what you want to know; not here, and now." But the two never did meet again. The Advocate was dead when the Englishman gave me my trust; and how the man had been set free remained as great a mystery to the Englishman, and to the man himself, as it was to me.

But I knew this: here was the man, this sultry night, on his knees at my feet, because I was the Englishman's friend; here were his tears upon my dress; here were his sobs choking his utterance; here were his kisses on my hands, because they had touched the hands that had worked out his release. He had no need to tell me it would be happiness to him to die for his benefactor. I doubt if I ever saw real, sterling, fervent gratitude of soul before or since.

He was much watched and suspected, he said, and had had enough to do to keep himself out of trouble. This, and his not having prospered in his worldly affairs, had led to his having failed in his usual communications to the Englishman for—as I now remember the period—some two or three years. But his prospects were brighter, and his wife, who had been very ill, had recovered, and his fever had left him, and he had bought a little vineyard, and would I carry to his benefactor the first of its wine? Ay, that I would (I told him with enthusiasm), and not a drop of it should be spilled or lost!

He had cautiously closed the door before speaking of himself, and had talked with such excess of emotion, and in a provincial Italian so difficult to understand, that I had more than once been obliged to stop him, and beg him to have compassion on me, and be slower and calmer. By degrees he became so, and tranquilly walked back with me to the hotel. There I sat down before I went to bed and wrote a faithful account of him to the Englishman: which I concluded by saying that I would bring the wine home, against any difficulties, every drop.

Early next morning, when I came out at the hotel door to pursue my journey, I found my friend waiting with one of those immense bottles in which the Italian peasants store their wine—a bottle holding some half-dozen gallons—bound round with basket-work for greater safety on the journey. I see him now, in the bright sunlight, tears of gratitude in his eyes, proudly inviting my attention to this corpulent bottle. (At the street-corner, hard by, two high-flavored, able-bodied monks—pretending to talk together, but keeping their four evil eyes upon us.)

How the bottle had been got there did not appear; but the difficulty of getting it into the ramshackle vetturino carriage in which I was departing was so great, and it took up so much room when it was got in, that I elected to sit outside. The last I saw of Giovanni Carlavero was his running through the town by the side of the jingling wheels, clasping my hand as I stretched it down from the box, charging me with a thousand last loving and dutiful messages to his dear patron, and finally looking in at the bottle as it reposed inside, with an admiration of its honorable way of traveling that was beyond measure delightful.

And now what disquiet of mind this dearly-beloved and highly-treasured Bottle began to cost me no man knows. It was my precious charge through a long tour, and for hundreds of miles I never had it off mind by day or by night. Over bad roads—and they were many—I clung to it with affectionate desperation. Up mountains I looked in at it, and saw it helplessly tilting over on its back with terror. At innumerable inn-doors, when the weather was bad, I was obliged to be put into my vehicle before the Bottle could be got in, and was obliged to have the Bottle lifted out before human aid could come near me. The Imp of the same name, except that his associations were all evil, and these associations were all good, would have been a less troublesome traveling companion. I might have served Mr. Cruikshank as a subject for a new illustration of the miseries of the Bottle. The National Temperance Society might have made a powerful Tract of me.

The suspicions that attached to this innocent Bottle greatly aggravated my difficulties. It was like the apple-pie in the child's book. Parma pouted at it, Modena mocked it, Tuscany tackled it, Naples nibbled it, Rome refused it, Austria accused it, Soldiers suspected it, Jesuits jobbed it. I composed a neat Oration, developing my inoffensive intentions in connection with this Bottle, and delivered it in an infinity of guard-houses, at a multitude of town-gates, and on every drawbridge, angle, and rampart of a complete system of fortifications. Fifty times a day I got down to harangue an infuriated soldiery about the Bottle. Through the filthy degradation of the abject and vile Roman States I had as much difficulty in working my way with the Bottle as if it had bottled up a complete system of heretical theology. In the Neapolitan country, where every body was a spy, a soldier, a priest, or a lazarone, the shameless beggars of all four denominations incessantly pounced on the Bottle, and made it a pretext for extorting money from me. Quires—quires, do I say? Reams—of forms illegibly printed on whity-brown paper were filled up about the Bottle, and it was the subject of more stamping and sanding than I had ever seen before. In consequence of which haze of sand, perhaps, it was always irregular, and always latent with dismal penalties of going back, or not going forward, which were only to be abated by the silver crossing of a base hand, poked shirtless out of a ragged uniform sleeve. Under all discouragements, however, I stuck to my Bottle, and held firm to my resolution that every drop of its contents should reach the Bottle's destination.

The latter refinement cost me a separate heap of troubles on its own separate account. What corkscrews did I see the military power bring out against that Bottle: what gimlets, spikes, divining-rods, gauges, and unknown tests and instruments! At some places they persisted in declaring that the wine must not be passed without being opened and tasted; I, pleading to the contrary, used then to argue the question seated on the Bottle lest they should open it in spite of me. In the southern parts of Italy, more violent shrieking, face-making, and gesticulating — greater vehemence of speech, and countenance, and action — went on about that Bottle than would attend fifty murders in a northern latitude. It raised important functionaries out of their beds, in the dead of night. I have known half a dozen military lanterns to disperse themselves at all points of a great sleeping Piazza, each lantern summoning some official creature to get up, put on his cocked hat instantly, and come and stop the Bottle. It was characteristic that while this innocent Bottle had such immense difficulty in getting from little town to town, Signor Mazzini and the fiery cross were traversing Italy from end to end.

Still I stuck to my Bottle like any fine old English gentleman all of the olden time. The more the Bottle was interfered with the stauncher I became (if possible) in my first determination that my countryman should have it delivered to him intact as the man whom he had so nobly restored to life and liberty had delivered it to me. If ever I have been obstinate in my days—and I may have been, say, once or twice—I was obstinate about the Bottle. But I made it a rule always to keep a pocket full of small coin at its service, and never to be out of temper in its cause. Thus I and the Bottle made our way. Once we had a break-down—rather a bad break-down—on a steep high place, with the sea below us, on a tempestuous evening when it blew great guns. We were driving four wild horses abreast, Southern fashion, and there was some little difficulty in stopping them. I was outside, and not thrown off; but no words can describe my feelings when I saw the Bottle — traveling inside, as usual — burst the door open, and roll obesely out into the road. A blessed Bottle with a charmed existence, he took no hurt; and we repaired damage, and went on triumphant.

A thousand representations were made to me that the Bottle must be left at this place, or that, and called for again. I never yielded to one of them, and never parted from the Bottle, on any pretense, consideration, threat, or entreaty. I had no faith in any official receipt for the Bottle, and nothing would induce me to accept one. These unmanageable politics at last brought me and the Bottle, still triumphant, to Genoa. There I took a tender and reluctant leave of him for a few weeks, and consigned him to a trusty English captain, to be conveyed to the Port of London by sea.

While the Bottle was on his voyage to England I read the Shipping Intelligence as anxiously as if I had been an underwriter. There was some stormy weather after I myself had got to England, by way of Switzerland and France, and my mind greatly misgave me that the Bottle might be wrecked. At last, to my great joy, I received notice of his safe arrival, and immediately went down to Saint Katharine's Docks, and found him in a state of honorable captivity in the Custom-house.

The wine was mere vinegar when I set it down before the generous Englishman—probably it had been something like vinegar when I took it up from Giovanni Carlavero—but not a drop of it was spilled or gone. And the Englishman told me, with much emotion in his face and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound. And long afterward the Bottle graced his table. And the last time I saw him in this world that misses him, he took me aside in a crowd to say, with his amiable smile, "We were talking of you only to-day at dinner, and I wished you had been there, for I had some claret up in Carlavero's Bottle."

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, OCTOBER 20, 1860.—[See Page 689.]

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
 Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whisper'd courage,
 And hid with friendly roar
The falt'ring words that told the tale
 I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
 Her love, my life she'd bless?
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
 For, sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
 That lisp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
 I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, carelessly,
 While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing-boats
 Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
 Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
 Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty *then*,
 And *now* I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
 And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
 Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
 She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing-boats a score of years
 Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
 Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
 We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
 Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
 My wife says, "You should know:
He's telling her what you told me
 A score of years ago."

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

On entering the drawing-room his excellency presented me to an elderly lady, very thin and very wrinkled, who received me with a cold dignity, and then went on with her crochet-work. I could not catch her name, nor, indeed, was I thinking of it; my whole mind was bent upon the question, Who could she be? For what object was she there? All my terrible doubts of the morning now rushed forcibly back to my memory, and I felt that never had I detested a human being with the hate I experienced for her. The pretentious stiffness of her manner, the haughty self-possession she wore, were positive outrages; and, as I looked at her, I felt myself muttering, "Don't imagine that your heavy black moiré or your rich falls of lace impose upon *me*. Never fancy that this mock austerity deceives one who reads human nature as he reads large print. I know, and I abhor you, old woman! That a man should be to the other sex as a wolf to the fold, the sad experience of daily life too often teaches; but that a woman should be false to woman, that all the gentle instincts we love to think feminine should be debased to treachery and degraded into snares for betrayal, this is an offense that cries aloud to Heaven!

"No more tea—none!" cried I, with an energy that nearly made the footman let the tray fall, and so far startled the old lady that she dropped her knitting with a faint cry. As for his excellency, he had covered his face with the *Globe*, and I believe was fast asleep.

I looked about for my hat to take my leave, when a sudden thought struck me. "I will stay, I will sit down beside this old creature, and, for once at least in her miserable life, she shall hear from the lips of a man a language that is not that of the debauchee. Who knows what effect one honest word of a true-hearted man may not work? I will try at all events," said I, and approached her. She did not, as I expected, make room for me on the sofa beside her, and I was therefore obliged to take a chair in front. This was so far awkward that it looked formal; it gave somewhat the character of accusation to my position, and I decided to obviate the difficulty by assuming a light, easy, cheerful manner at first, as tho' I suspected nothing.

"It's a pleasant little capital, this Kalbbratenstadt," said I, as I lay back in my chair.

"Is it?" said she, dryly, without looking up from her work.

"Well, I mean," said I; "it seems to have its reasonable share of resources. They have their theatre, and their music garden, and their promenades, and their drives to—to—"

"You'll find all the names set down there," said she, handing me a copy of Murray's Handbook that lay beside her.

"I care less for names than facts, Madam," said I, angrily, for her retort had stung me, and routed all my previous intention of a smooth approach to the fortress. "I am one of those unfashionable people who never think the better of vice because it wears French gloves and goes perfumed with Ess bouquet."

She took off her spectacles, wiped them, looked at me, and went on with her work without speaking.

"If I appear abrupt, Madam," said I, "in this opening, it is because the opportunity I now enjoy may never occur again, and may be of the briefest even now. We meet by what many would call an accident—one of those incidents which the thoughtless call chance directed my steps to this place; let me hope that that which seemed a hazard may bear all the fruits of maturest combination, and that the weak words of one frail, even as yourself, may not be heard by you in vain. Let me therefore ask you one question—only one—and give me an honest answer to it."

"You are a very singular person," said she, "and seem to have strangely forgotten the very simple circumstance that we meet for the first time now."

"I know it, I feel it; and that it may also be for the last and only time is my reason for this appeal to you. There are persons who, seeing you here, would treat you with a mock deference, address you with a counterfeit respect, and go their ways; who would say to their selfish hearts, 'It is no concern of mine, why should it trouble me?' But I am not one of these. I carry a conscience in my breast—a conscience that holds its daily court, and will even to-morrow ask me, 'Have you been truthful, have you been faithful? When the occasion served to warn a fellow-creature of the shoal before him, did you cry out, "Take soundings! you are in shallow water?" or, "Did you with slippery phrases gloss over the peril, because it involved no danger to yourself?"'"

"Would that same conscience be kind enough to suggest that your present conduct is an impertinence, Sir?"

"So it might, Madam; just as the pilot is impertinent when he cries out, 'Hard, port! breakers ahead!'"

"I am therefore to infer, Sir," said she, with a calm dignity, "that my approach to a secret danger—of which I can have no knowledge—is a sufficient excuse for the employment of language on your part that, under a less urgent plea, had been offensive?"

"You are," said I, boldly.

"Speak out, then, Sir, and declare what it is."

"Nay, Madam, if the warning find no echo within, my words are useless. I have said I would ask you a question."

"Well, Sir, do so."

"Will you answer it frankly? Will you give it all the weight and influence it should bear, and reply to it with that truthful spirit that conceals nothing?"

"What is your question, Sir? You had better be speedy with it, for I don't much trust to my continued patience."

I arose at this, and, passing behind the back of my chair, leaned my arms on the upper rail, so as to confront her directly; and then, in the voice of an accusing angel, I said, "Old woman, do you know where you are going?"

"I protest, Sir," said she, rising, with an indignation I shall not forget—"I protest, Sir, you make me actually doubt if I know where I am!"

"Then let me tell you, Madam," said I, with the voice of one determined to strike terror into her heart—"let me tell you; and may my words have the power to awaken you, even now, to the dreadful consequences of what you are about."

"Shalley! Shalley!" cried she, in amazement, "is this gentleman deranged, or is it but the passing effect of your conviviality?" And with this she swept out of the room, leaving me there alone, for I now perceived—what seemed also to have escaped her—that the minister had slipped quietly away some time before, and was doubtless at that same moment in the profoundest of slumbers.

I took my departure at once. There were no leave-takings to delay me, and I left the house in a mood little according with the spirit of one who had partaken of its hospitalities. I am constrained to admit I was the very reverse of satisfied with myself. It was cowardly and mean of me to wreak my anger on that old woman, and not upon him who was the really great offender. He it was I should have arraigned; and with the employment of a little artifice and some tact, how terrible I might have made even my jesting levity! how sarcastic my sneers at fashionable vice! Affecting utter ignorance about his life and habits, I could have incidentally thrown out little episodes of all the men who have wrecked their fortunes by abandoned habits. I would have pointed to this man who made a brilliant opening in the house, and that who had acquired such celebrity at the Bar; I would have shown the rising statesman tarnished, the future chief-justice disqualified; I would have said, "Let no man, however modest his station or unfrequented his locality, imagine that the world takes no note of his conduct; in every class he is judged by his peers, and you and I, Doubleton, will as assuredly be arraigned before the bar of society as the pickpocket will be charged before the beak!"

I continued to revolve these and such-like thoughts throughout the entire night. The wine I had drunk fevered and excited me, and added to that disturbed state which my own self-accusings provoked. Doubts, too, flitted across my mind whether I ought not to have maintained a perfect silence toward the others, and reserved all my eloquence for the poor girl herself. I imagined myself taking her hand between both mine, while, with averted head, she sobbed as if her heart would break, and saying, "Be comforted, poor stricken deer! be comforted; I know all. One who is far from perfect himself sorrows with and compassionates you; he will be your friend, your adviser, your protector. I will restore you to that home you quitted in innocence. I will bring you back to that honey-suckled porch where your pure heart expanded in home affections." Nothing shall equal the refined delicacy of my manner; that mingled reserve and kindness—a sort of cross between a half-brother and a canon of St. Paul's—shall win her over to repentance, and then to peace. How I fancied myself, at intervals of time, visiting that cottage, going, as the gardener watches some cherished plant, to gaze on the growing strength I had nurtured, and enjoy the luxury of seeing the once drooping flower expanding into fresh loveliness and perfume. "Yes, Potts, this would form one of those episodes you have so often longed to realize." And then I went on to fancy a long, heroic struggle between my love and that sentiment of respect for worldly opinion which is dear to every man, the years of conflict wearing me down in health, but exalting me immensely in every moral consideration. Let the hour of crowning victory at last come, I should take her to my bosom, and say, "There is rest for thee here!"

"His excellency begs that you will call at the legation as early as you can this morning," said a waiter, entering with the breakfast tray; and I now perceived that I had never gone to bed, or closed my eyes during the night.

"How did this message come?" I asked.

"By the chasseur of his excellency."

"And how addressed?"

"'To the gentleman who dined yesterday at the legation.'"

I asked these questions to ascertain how far he persisted in the impertinence of giving me a name that was not mine, and I was glad to find that on this occasion no transgression had occurred.

I hesitated considerably about going to him. Was I to accept that slippery morality that says, "I see no more than I please in the man I dine with," or was I to go boldly on and denounce this offender to himself? What if he were to say, "Potts, let us play fair! Put your own cards on the table, and let us see are you always on the square? Who is your father? How does he live? Why have you left home, and how? What of that horse you have—"

"No, no, not stolen—on my honor, not stolen!"

"Well, ain't it ugly? Isn't the story one that any relating might, without even a spice of malevolence, make marvelously disagreeable? Is the tale such as you'd wish to herald you into any society you desired to mix with?" It was in this high, easy, and truly companionable style that conscience kept me company while I ate two eggs and a plate of buttered toast. "After all," thought I, "might it not prove a great mistake not to wait on him? How if, in our talk over politics last night, I may have dropped some remarkable expression, a keen appreciation of some statesman, an extraordinary prediction of some coming crisis? Maybe it is to question me more fully about my 'views' of the state of Europe." Now I am rather given to "views of the state of Europe." I like that game of patience, formed by shuffling up all the governments of the Continent, and then seeing who is to have the most "tricks," who's to win all the kings, and who the knaves. "Yes," thought I, "this is what he is at. These diplomatic people are consummately clever at pumping; their great skill consists in extracting information from others and adapting it to their own uses. Their social position confers the great advantage of intercourse with whatever is remarkable for station, influence, and ability; and I think I hear his excellency muttering to himself, 'Remarkable man, that—large views—great reach of thought—wish I could see more of him; must try what polite attentions may accomplish.' Well," said I, with a half-sigh, "it is the old story, Sic vos non nobis; and I suppose it is one of the curses on Irishmen that, from Edmund Burke to Potts, they should be doomed to cram others. I will go. What signifies it to *me?* I am none the poorer in dispensing my knowledge than is the nightingale in discoursing her sweet music to the night air, and flooding the groves with waves of melody: like *her*, I give of an affluence that never fails me." And so I set out for the legation.

As I walked along through the garden a trimly-dressed French maid passed me, turned, and repassed, with a look that had a certain significance. "It was Monsieur dined here yesterday?" said she, interrogatively; and as I smiled assent, she handed me a very small-sealed note, and disappeared.

It bore no address but the word Mr. ——; a strange, not very ceremonious direction. "But, poor girl," thought I, "she knows me not as Potts, but as Protector. I am not the individual, but the representative of that wide-spread benevolence that succors the weak and consoles the afflicted. I wonder has she been touched by my devotion? has she imagined—oh, that she would!—that I have followed her hither, that I have sworn a vow to rescue and to save her? or is this note the cry of a sorrow-struck spirit, saying, 'Come to my aid ere I perish?'"

My fingers trembled as I broke the seal; I had to wipe a tear from my eye ere I could begin to read. My agitation was great—it was soon to be greater. The note contained very few words; they were these:

"Sir,—I have not communicated to my brother, Sir Shalley Doubleton, any circumstance of your unaccountable conduct yesterday evening. I hope that my reserve will be appreciated by you, and

"I am, your faithful servant,
"Martha Keates."

"'NO MORE TEA—NONE!' CRIED I," ETC.

I did not faint, but I sat down on the grass, sick and faint, and I felt the great drops of cold perspiration burst out over my forehead and temples. "So," muttered I, "the venerable person I have been lecturing is his excellency's own sister! My exhortations to a changed life have been addressed to a lady doubtless as rigid in morals as austere in manners." Though I could recall none of the words I employed, I remembered but too well the lesson I intended to convey, and I shuddered with disgust at my own conduct. Many a time have I heard severest censure on the preacher who has from the pulpit scattered words of doubtful application to the sinners beneath; but here was I making a direct and most odious attack upon the life and habits of a lady of immaculate behavior! Oh, it was too—too bad! A whole year of sackcloth and ashes would not be penance for such iniquity. How could she have forgiven it? What consummate charity enabled her to pardon an offense so gross and so gratuitous? Or is it that she foresaw consequences so grave, in the event of disclosure, that she dreaded to provoke them? What might not an angry brother, in such a case, be warranted in doing? Would the world call any vengeance exorbitant? I studied her last phrase over and over, "'I hope my reserve will be appreciated by you.' This may mean, 'I reserve the charge—I hold it over you as a bailbond for the future; diverge ever so little from the straight road, and I will say, "Potts, stand forward and listen to your indictment."' She may have some terrible task in view for me, some perilous achievement which I can not now refuse. This old woman may be to me as was the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad. I may be fated to carry her forever on my back, and the dread of her be a living nightmare to me. At such a price existence has no value," said I, in despair. "Worse even than the bondage is the feeling that I am no longer, to my own heart, the great creature I love to think myself. Instead of Potts the generous, the high-spirited, the confiding, the self-denying, I am Potts the timorous, the terror-stricken, and the slave."

Out of my long and painful musings on the subject I bethought me of a course to take; I would go to her and say:

"Listen to this parable: I remember once, when a member of a phrenological club, a stupid jest was played off upon the society by some one presenting us with the cast of a well-known murderer's skull, and asking for our interpretations of its development. We gave them with every care and deliberation; we pointed out the fatal protuberances of crime, and indicated the depressions, which showed the absence of all prudential restraints; we demonstrated all the evidences of badness that were there, and proved that, with such a head, a man must have thought killing no murder. The rejoinder to our politeness was a small box that arrived by the mail, labeled, 'The original of the cast forwarded on the 14th.' We opened it, and found a pumpkin! The foolish jester fancied that he had cast an indelible stain upon phrenology, quite forgetting the fact that his pumpkin had personated a skull which, had it ever existed, would have presented the characteristics we gave it." I would say, "Now, Madam, make the application, and say, do you not rather commend than condemn? are you not more ready to applaud than upbraid me?"

Second thoughts rather deterred me from this plan; the figurative line is often dangerous with elderly people. It is just as likely she would mistake the whole force of my illustration, and bluntly say, "I'd beg to remark, Sir, I am not a pumpkin!"

"No. I will not adventure on this path; there is no need that I should ever meet her again, or, if I should, we may meet as utter strangers." This resolve made, I arose boldly, and walked on toward the house.

His excellency, I learned, was at home, and had been for some time expecting me. I found him in his morning-room, in the same costume and same occupation as on the day before.

"There's the *Times*," said he, as I entered; "I shall be ready for you presently," and worked away without lifting his head.

Affecting to read, I set myself to regard him with attention. Vast piles of papers lay around him on every side; the whole table, and even the floor at his feet, was littered with them. "Would," thought I—"would that these writers for the Radical press, these scurrilous penny-a-liners who inveigh against a bloated and pampered aristocracy, could just witness the daily life of labor of one of these spoiled children of fortune. Here is this man, doubtless reared in ease and affluence, and see him how he toils away, from sundown to dawn, unraveling the schemes, tracing the wiles, and exposing the snares of these crafty foreigners. Hark! he is muttering over the subtle sentence he has just written: 'I am much grieved about Maria's little girl, but I hope she will escape being marked by the malady.'" A groan that broke from me here startled him, and he looked up:

"Ah! yes, by-the-way, I want you, Paynter."

"I am not Paynter, your excellency. My name is—"

"Of course, you have your own name, for your own peculiar set; but don't interrupt. I have a special service for you, and will put it in the 'extraordinaries.' I have taken a little villa on the Lake of Como for my sister, but from the pressure of political events I am not able to accompany her there. She is a very timid traveler, and can not possibly go alone. You'll take charge of her, therefore, Paynter—there, don't be fussy—you'll take charge of her, and a young lady who is with her, and you'll see them housed and established there. I suppose she will prefer to travel slowly, some thirty miles or so a day, post-horses always, and strictly avoiding railroads; but you can talk it over together yourselves. There was a Bobus to have come out—"

"A Bobus!"

"I mean a doctor—I call every doctor Bobus—but something has detained him, or, indeed, I believe he was drowned; at all events, he's not come, and you'll have to learn how to measure out ether, and drop morphine; the 'companion' will help you. And keep an account of your expenses, Paynter—your own expenses for F.O.—and don't let her fall sick at any out-of-the-way place, which she has rather a knack of doing; and, above all, don't telegraph on any account. Come and dine—six."

"If you will excuse me at dinner, I shall be obliged. I have a sort of half engagement."

"Come in about nine, then," said he, "for she'd like to talk over some matters. Look out for a carriage, too; I don't fancy giving mine if you can get another. One of those great roomy German things with a cabriolet front, if possible, for Miss—I forget her name—would prefer a place outside. Kramm, the landlord, can help you to search for one; and let it be dusted, and aired, and fumigated, and the drag examined, and the axles greased—in a word, have your brains about you, Paynter. Good-by." Exit as before.

HOW TO MAKE AN ARMSTRONG GUN.

A visitor to the Woolwich Arsenal and works who has never seen an Armstrong gun, must, as he witnesses the successive stages of its manufacture, be sorely puzzled to conceive what it will look like when completed.

Imagine a very long thin bar of the finest iron, some 2 inches square, and 120 feet in length—that is the basis of a 25-pounder. For convenience in the manufacture, this bore is divided into three pieces of about 40 feet in length. A 100-pounder requires three pieces each of 90 feet in length. The manufacture commences in the forging-shop, a vast, dingy shed, where there is an incessant din of hammers and roaring of mighty furnaces, where blocks and bars of iron lie scattered in seeming confusion on every side—here, almost transparent at white heat; there, glowing red-hot; in one corner, sending forth showers of sparks under the discipline of a huge steam-hammer; in another, hissing and sputtering under a stream of water; where stalwart, grimy men, with uprolled shirt-sleeves, visors, and leather aprons, are seen looming through the smoke, or in the full glare of the fires, tossing about red-hot bars with the indifference of salamanders, and making the anvils ring with thirty Cyclops' power. We fix our eyes on a long, narrow furnace, in which lie a number of the iron bars we spoke of. Suddenly the door is opened, and a fierce, lurid gleam of light is cast through the shop. One of the men seizes the end of a bar in a pair of pincers, drags it forth, and makes it fast to a roller which stands immediately before the furnace, and the diameter of which is equal to the rough-made tube of a 25-pounder when first rolled. The roller is put in motion; the bar is slowly and closely wound round it, just as one might wind a piece of thread round a reel. The roller being turned on one end, the spiral tube—No. 1 coil it is termed—is knocked off, restored to white heat in another furnace—for it has cooled somewhat in the rolling—and then flattened down and welded under one of the steam-hammers till only about half as long as it was. For a 25-pounder, the length of the coil after this process is 2½ feet; and three such coils are welded together to form the tube. Before that operation is performed, however, each coil is bored in the inside, and pared on the outside to within a very little of its proper diameter, so that the slightest flaw in the welding, if any exist, may be detected. Having passed this test, a couple of coils, brought to a proper heat by being placed end to end in a jet of flame from a blast-furnace, are welded by violent blows from a huge iron battering-ram. A third coil is added to the other two in the same manner, and the tube is complete. Over this a second tube, which has been prepared just in the same way, is passed while red-hot, and shrinking as it cools becomes tightly fastened. This is termed "shrinking on." Over this again is placed a short, massive ring of forged iron, to which the trunnions or handles of the gun are attached. The breech, which has now to be added, is composed of several iron slabs, something like the staves of a barrel, which are bent into a cylindrical form, and welded at the edges when red-hot under the steam-hammer. In the breech, the fibre of the metal runs in the direction of the length of the gun, while in the other parts it winds round and round transversely. This is done to give greater strength to the breech in sustaining the whole backward thrust of the explosion. The breech thus formed is "shrunk on" to the rest of the gun; and to add still more to its strength, two double coils of wrought iron are rolled on with the fibre at right angles to that of the breech underneath.

So much for the rough work of the gun; we now come to the finer and more delicate processes. Having been pared down on the outside to its proper size, the gun passes to the measurers, who, with an instrument called a micrometer, measure each part with mathematical accuracy. The slightest deviation of any portion from its exact size, even to the fraction of a hair's breadth, is rigidly pointed out, and has to be amended. The boring and rifling of the piece are next performed in a large, tidy, well-lighted room, where there is no noise, or smoke, or confusion, as in the forging-shop. The gun is placed erect in the boring-machine, and revolves gently round the big gimlet, which slowly but surely makes its way downward, scooping out the superfluous metal from the interior of the tube.

Where the touch-hole of an ordinary gun would be, a square hole is cut for the introduction of the vent-piece or stopper, which, with the breech-screw, completes the gun. The stopper is a circular piece of steel, faced with copper, which fits into the end of the rifled barrel with the most exact nicety. Upon this little piece of metal depends, in a great measure, the efficiency of the gun; because, unless it hermetically closed the cavity, a portion of the explosive force would escape, and the discharge would be weakened. The copper facing of the stopper is prepared with great care. It has to be sharpened with a file after so many rounds, and a duplicate accompanies every gun. The touch-hole runs through the vent-piece down into the chamber of the gun. The breech of the gun receives a powerful hollow screw, which presses against the vent-piece, and is easily tightened or loosened by means of a common weighted handle. When the stopper is out, the gun is a hollow tube from end to end. We are now shown how the gun is used.

"When you want to fire the gun," says our attendant, "you must of course slacken the screw, and take out the stopper. You then thrust the shot, with a cartridge and a greased wad, through the hollow screw, into the bore, drop the vent-piece into its place, and make it tight with half a turn of the screw. You fire the gun with an ordinary friction-tube stuck into the vent-piece."

"How long does it take to turn out one of these pieces?"

"Why, taking the number of guns turned out within a certain period, and the number of working-hours in the same time, we find the rate of production at Woolwich is one gun for every 3½ working hours. Down at Elswick, Sir William's own factory, they are not quite so quick. Taken individually, though, a single gun, from first to last, is a six or seven weeks' job."

"And what do you reckon the cost of each gun?"

"An Armstrong 12-pounder costs about £250, only £50 more than an ordinary gun of the same calibre; but as it is so much lighter (only eight cwt., while the old gun is nineteen cwt.), and can be worked so much more simply and quickly, and requires fewer men and horses than the other, it is really by far the cheaper of the two."

"Then as to the capabilities of the gun—is there any truth in the story of the wild goose being hit at five miles?"

"Well, Sir, our 100-pounder is expected to obtain a range of ten miles. The 12-pounder can take accurate aim at about two and a quarter miles; and I've heard the gunners say that they undertake never to miss a man once at a mile. The longest range yet obtained has been 9000 yards, or over five miles, with a 32-pounder."

Length of range, however, becomes, beyond a certain point, of very little consequence. All practical artillerymen agree that usually the range in battle is limited to about 2000 yards, and under any circumstances, can not exceed 3000 yards, as any further point can not be seen, even with good telescopes. Sir William Armstrong tells us himself, that beyond a certain distance, range for general purposes has no practical value, and that artillerymen might as well fire at the moon as at any object five miles off without any thing to guide them but the eye. The great question is, what damage a gun will inflict when it reaches its destination. Consequently, he has given as much thought to the invention of a projectile as of a gun, and has succeeded in inventing one of the most destructive character. It can be used either as a solid shot, as a shrapnel shell, or as canister. It consists of a very thin cast-iron shell, filled with forty-two pieces of cast iron, which are built up so as to leave a space in the centre for the reception of the bursting charge. The exterior of the shell is thinly coated with lead, to make it take the rifling. When the shell bursts, it spreads into a cloud of pieces, each of which flies forward at the same rate as that at which the shell was moving when it exploded. A shell was let off, by way of experiment, in a closed chamber, and burst into 217 pieces. By means of an ingenious time-fuse and "concussion arrangement," the shell can not possibly miss fire. Taken together, the Armstrong gun and shell form the most tremendous engine of warfare yet constructed, and will, we doubt not, tend effectually to lessen the duration of wars. A battle fought with such weapons as these must be short and decisive; and, fearful as the carnage may be, it will be but as a drop in the bucket compared with the slaughter of prolonged campaigns and oft-renewed engagements.

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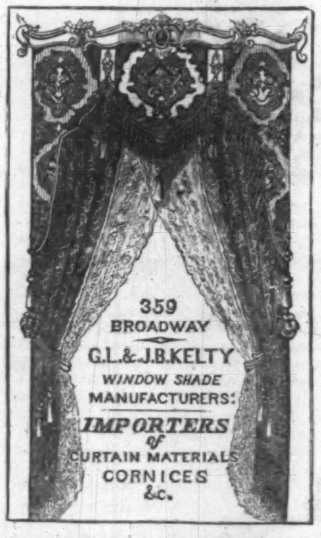

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